THE BOOKMAN

A PLEA FOR MORE READING

BY GRANT M. OVERTON

THE coda, or brief closing section of a piece of music constructed along old-fashioned and rather formal lines, had a counterpart equally explicit in old-fashioned stories, which invariably stated: "... and so they lived happy ever after." I have sometimes thought that this statement, in the case of the best tales, was no more than half the truth, and the less important half. For of the best stories and the best books the coda, fully stated, would have to run thus:

"... and so they lived happy ever after—and as for him who reads this, he will live happier ever after."

Yes! Happier ever after! We have all read, I think, at least one book of which we could honestly and individually say as much.

One? No; several. Not always whole books; sometimes certain chapters, or merely one or two passages, or, in a book of verse, a single poem only. It doesn't matter how brief the moment; is a miracle measured in time?

Miracles await every reader of books. And in such unexpected places! I turn a page in a slim volume of poems and come upon this, under the title of "Deliverance":

> I was a heavenly captive once
> Among the solitary stars.
> Go, tell them in the lane and street
> That I have bent the angel bars,
> And come upon the tides of light
> To feel the rocking Earth again!
> Tell them, where stream and ocean meet,
> God's Heaven is a lonely place,
> That I return to Birth and Death
> And Love's uncertain gift of grace.

Ten short lines...and something has happened to me. Something wonderful...the warm thrill of living, that keen faith in all of us who are mortals only, leap up to receive the inspiration which most certainly dwelt in Scudder Middleton when he set down those sixty-four words. Let me close his little book, "Streets and Faces", then and there, if I have to. ... He has made me happier...ever after.

Here's a point. I can recur, at will, to what I have read. The book's on the shelf.

This is an aspect of the book affair

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to which, I hope, those who have in charge the education of readers will not fail to draw attention. It will even bear a certain emphasis. You who, perhaps, read few books or none (the publishers and booksellers might well say) are fond of music, or motion-pictures, or paintings—anything of the sort. No matter how much you may need to hear good music, you may be unable to do so unless your need coincides with some public offering of good music. True, there are player-pianos and phonographs. But—well, they lack intimacy. (Your performance of the "Emperor" concerto is too much like declaiming a favorite poem for the benefit of the household and the households on either side of you. Again, what is your spirit's need of Handel's "Largo" if the young people are eager to try new dance records?)

A glimpse of Sorolla may be just the medicine you crave. At the moment, however, to run over to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is out of the question. And oh! to see Charlie Chaplin again as an immigrant! laughing your sides off. You will have to depend upon your memory, just as you have to depend upon your memory for so many things that did you a lot of good, once, and will improbably ever return to do you good again.

Memory, the non-refillable bottle! But a book is like the fountain of youth....

II

The special qualities of a good book are far from obvious; at least, to the many. I hope with all my heart that the concerted effort which is about to be made, to bring these special qualities to the attention of wide audiences, will be so successful as to mark a very renaissance of reading. There is a newly-formed association of American book publishers, animated, apparently, by a distinct idea to the effect that the reading of good books does, after all, bear some relation to the public welfare. Do these publishers really need any further creed? I can't think so. The American Library Association, which found in the war its unparalleled capacity for the service of all men, purposes to use that capacity up to the hilt in a possibly new but not noticeably happier world. Then the book publishers and the booksellers are joining hands to institute a campaign of truly national advertising of books—not any particular author's books, but just good books. Besides these three major operations, to use military parlance, there are such enterprises as the renewed Children's Book Week, and I know not what other tactical (and, I hope, tactful) details. All these wide undertakings will be placed before the readers of THE BOOKMAN by specialists who have them in charge. They deserve our enthusiasm and our effort in execution; but, for the moment, we are concerned with something much smaller and (yes!) much more durable; permanent, lasting; alive, vital; secret yet shared; impalpable but not evanescent. We are concerned with the hidden miracles of books.

One I have cited. I could cite a dozen others. So could you. So could any habitual reader. What is the explanation of them? Let me dismiss all the questions of an author's style or "message", or even, in some sense, the intellectual content of a given piece of prose or poetry. The plain truth of the matter is, that where we do not read to obtain information, we read to experience feeling. We read to *feel*. That, I think, is the whole story.

The aim of all except purely expository writing is, at bottom, to communicate feeling. I see something

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that is, to me, beautiful—joyous or sad or tragic or even drab and cluttered but nevertheless and somehow, in its effect or in its implications, beautiful. It arouses feeling in me, haunts me, and I must tell it to someone. If I am sufficiently articulate, I write it down; if I am thrice lucky, what I have set down stirs in someone else a feeling in some degree commensurate with my own.... But what is the use of my trying so feebly to say what has already been uttered (so perfectly) in that preface too long withheld, to a tale called "The Nigger of the Narcissus":

> ...If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask....
>
> To arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and color, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent, and reserved only for a very few to achieve. But, sometimes, by the deserving and the fortunate, even that task is accomplished, and when it is accomplished—behold!—all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest.

III

The sincere feeling to which the fine art of Joseph Conrad was able to give expression in the words I have just quoted is actually the whole case for the book. Some will say: it's the whole case for any kind of art. Well, I can only observe that, with respect to the individual, the intelligibility of any form of art varies greatly. I suppose it is a matter of accustomedness. If we were wont to communicate with each other by musical phrases or by pictures to the degree that we resort to words, books (or collections of words) would suffer all the disadvantages that weigh against the fine painting, the delicately wrought symphony, or the bold sculpture. We know, now, that national advertising of so subtle a piece of writing as "The Education of Henry Adams" would have been—is—justified; but national advertising of the music of Brahms is hardly conceivable. The motion-pictures possess, indeed, a very high visibility; but the written word actually possesses, for most men, a higher intelligibility. If you doubt that, ask the makers of films. They know sadly the limitations of their medium; what sort of stories (and they are legion) it cannot as yet successfully communicate.

With these reflections we are ready to round out the case for the book, which is:

The book can communicate the strongest feeling, least impaired, to the greatest number.

The book possesses the greatest intelligibility for the greatest number.

The book possesses the highest availability for the greatest number—the book that is owned, that is.

A strong case! While other forms of art, or even mere intelligence to be communicated, depend still, to a heavy extent, upon foundation-money, subscribed support,—the devotion of one or a few—the book, with immaterial exceptions, doesn't have to be endowed or published by subscription. It is generally assured of public tolerance and moderate support from the outset; is a commodity, in active demand meeting a public need and with only one possibility before it—increased demand coupled with a gradual widening and raising of the standards of quality.

It cannot be asserted too emphatically that the problem of the publisher is simply a problem of standards set by the public, bearing always in mind

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that those standards are constantly, if slowly, widening and rising. The problem of the publisher is not a problem of production in the sense that a manufacturer of clothing faces the question of a demand for his goods. The demand for books, as a whole, scarcely fluctuates. It rises. It does, indeed, contract along certain lines but only to expand at least as greatly in other directions. Much more slightly than the manufacturer of clothing, the publisher has, to an extent, to solve the problem of styles or ephemeral vogues; but as for the basic demand—that is never in doubt. And I will venture to assert, respecting the lesser problems which make the wrinkles in publishers' foreheads, that if the new national association of book publishers will establish a proper statistical organization and a laboratory to conduct certain experiments with published books, they will be able to solve many of these problems to their own and the country's great profit.

The problem of the bookseller is more serious, chiefly because he very seldom has as much money capital as the publisher. I really do not think there is a "way out" for him, or anything better than a modus vivendi, until he becomes a chain-store. In the meantime he has all the scope that brains, energy, and faith can give to the individual in America, and that is still a good deal.

The problem of the American Library Association transcends its own organization and that organization's objects and capacity for service. The real problem is to integrate all its work and endeavor with individual American lives and with the lives of thousands of separate communities and the life of the nation. If this sounds grandiloquent, I can only say that "the library" must be made to mean something as vital in every home within its reach as "the movies" seem to mean now. How this is to be done, in detail, is not for me to say; but I will say that the only thing to do is to get the right books into the hands of the right people, if you have to beg permission to leave them in the house. Nor has the capacity of "the library" been exhausted in the direction of advising individuals about books they ought to buy. Every book borrower should also be a book buyer, and the A. L. A. can do as much as any agency to bring that condition about.

IV

The case for the book is to be presented, I understand, without the mention—in the proposed national advertising campaign—of a single book or writer. Perhaps this is wise; but it sacrifices certain possibilities for what I believe would be extraordinarily effective advertisements. I would like to see a page in every important daily newspaper throughout the country on which would appear nothing but brief excerpts from several writers, preferably contemporary writers. One might choose a passage between Lizarann and blind Jim and say after it, simply, "That's William De Morgan". A single paragraph lifted from "Lord Jim", or "Victory", or "Youth" could follow with the sufficing comment, "That's Joseph Conrad". There is the end of a chapter in a novel called "The Flirt" where is described a page in a girl's secret diary—a page on which were written the words: "Love came to me today". No other word, we are told, was set down on that page. I should like to reprint just that chapter-close and add merely: "That's Booth Tarkington".

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. . . This sample simply for the purpose of illustrating what I devoutly believe to be the truth: that the best advertisement of books is in the books themselves.

A sample, no more! Think of the numberless pages that we who have read much could turn to; and, placing a finger briefly on them, say with confidence to almost any man, woman, or fairly-grown child: "You cannot read *that* without being, somehow, happier ever after!" Of nothing else, remember, could we say so much with equal surety,—of no painting of Raphael or Rembrandt; of no figure in Parian marble or bronze; of nothing yet vouchsafed us by the cinema unless it were "The Birth of a Nation" (and that in certain scenes only). And if I have to make an exception for certain dramas, why, then, let me add that John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" cannot be witnessed personally by more than a fraction of those who, reading it, will be deeply moved and strangely comforted. . . . And I would hold out to every man, woman, and child the certitude of happiness that lies, for him or her, in reading good books. What the world needs is the capacity for happiness; a thing which has to be developed in the individual and cannot be constructed out of an environment, however felicitous. Read! Let us persuade them to read, help them to read aright, enable them to distinguish the true from the false, make it possible for them to live in a spreading circle of imperishable friendships— to be happy now and hereafter only the happier.

TO DASH OFF A RONDEAU

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

You know the way? First get a theme
Compact of daintiness and dream:
  A midnight tryst; a wayward tress;
  A kiss; a Watteau shepherdess;
A vow of love; a moonlight gleam.

Then beat all well—as one beats cream
Or tripping measures. It will seem,
  To those who read, that, more or less,
    You know the way.

Some prosy bards write ream on ream
To vent—what scoffers call—their steam;
  But fifteen lines, you must confess,
  In rondeau form will just express
Enough of thought to make some deem
    You know the way.

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WHAT MAKES A POEM?

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

POPE said that a middling poet was no poet at all. Middling things in art or in any field of human endeavor do not arouse our enthusiasm, and it is enthusiasm that fans the fires of life. There are all degrees of excellence, but in poetry one is always looking for the best. Pope himself holds a place in English literature which he could not hold had be been only a midling poet. He is not a poet of the highest order certainly, but a poet of the third or fourth order—the poet of the reason, the understanding, but not of the creative imagination. It is wit and not soul that keeps Pope alive.

Nearly every age and land has plenty of middling poets. Probably there were never more of them in the land than there are today. Scores of volumes of middling verse are issued from the press every week. The magazines all have middling verse; only at rare intervals do they have something more. The May "Atlantic", for instance, had a poem by a comparatively new writer, Olive Tilford Dargan, that one would hardly stigmatize as middling poetry. Let the reader judge for himself. It is called "Spring in the Study". I quote only the second part:

What is this sudden gayety that shakes the grayest boughs?
A voice is calling fieldward—'T is time to start the ploughs!
To set the furrows rolling, while all the old crows nod;
And deep as life, the kernel, to cut the golden sod.
The pen—let nations have it;—we'll plough a while for God.

When half the things that must be done are greater than our art,
And half the things that must be done are smaller than our heart,
And poorest gifts are dear to burn on altars unrevealed,
Like music comes the summons, the challenge from the weald!
"They tread immortal measures who make a mellow field!"

The planet's rather pleasant, alluring in its way;
But let the ploughs be idle and none of us can stay.
Here's where there is no doubting, no ghosts uncertain stalk,
A-traveling with the plough beam, beneath the sailing hawk,
Cutting the furrow deep and true where Destiny will walk.

Lafcadio Hearn spoke with deep truth when he said that "the measure of a poet is the largeness of thought which he can bring to any subject, however trifling". Certainly Mrs. Dargan brings this largeness of thought to her subject. Has the significance of the plough ever before been so brought out? She makes one feel that there should be a plough among the constellations. What are the chairs and harps and dippers in comparison?

The poetry of mere talent is always middling poetry,—"poems distilled from other poems", as Whitman says. The work of a genius is of a different order. Most current verse is merely

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sweetened prose put up in verse form. It serves its purpose; the mass of readers like it. Nearly all educated persons can turn it off with little effort. I have done my share of it myself—rhymed natural history, but not poetry. "Waiting" is my nearest approach to a true poem.

Wordsworth quotes Aristotle as saying that poetry is the most philosophical of all writing, and Wordsworth agrees with him. There certainly can be no great poetry without a great philosopher behind it—a man who has thought and felt profoundly upon nature and upon life, as Wordsworth himself surely had. The true poet, like the philosopher, is a searcher after truth, and a searcher at the very heart of things—not cold, objective truth, but truth which is its own testimony, and which is carried alive into the heart by passion. He seeks more than beauty, he seeks the perennial source of beauty. The poet leads man to nature as a mother leads her child there—to instil a love of it into his heart. If a poet adds neither to my knowledge nor to my love, of what use is he? For instance, Poe does not make me know more or love more, but he delights me by his consummate art. Bryant's long poem "The Ages" has little value, mainly because it is charged with no philosophy, and no imaginative emotion. His "Lines to a Waterfowl" will last because of the simple, profound human emotion they awaken. The poem is marred, however, by the stanza that he tacks on the end, which strikes a note entirely foreign to the true spirit of the poem. You cannot by tacking a moral to a poem give it the philosophical breadth to which I have referred. "Thanatopsis" has a solemn and majestic music, but has not the unique excellence of the waterfowl poem. Yet it may be generally said of Bryant that he has a broad human outlook on life and is free from the subtleties and ingenious refinements of many of our younger poets.

I know of only three poets in this century who bring a large measure of thought and emotion to their task. I refer to William Vaughn Moody, to John Russell McCarthy (author of "Out Doors" and "Gods and Devils") and to Robert Loveman, so well known for his felicitous "Rain Song". That poem is too well known to be quoted here. Any poet who has ever lived might have been proud to have written it. It goes as lightly as thistle-down, and yet is freighted with thought. Its philosophy is so sublimated and so natural and easy that we are likely to forget that it has any philosophy at all. The fifty or more stanzas of his "Gates of Silence" are probably far less well known. Let me quote a few of them:

The races rise and fall,
  The nations come and go,
Time tenderly doth cover all
  With violets and snow.

The mortal tide moves on
  To some immortal shore,
Past purple peaks of dusk and dawn,
  Into the evermore.
  * * * *

All the tomes of all the tribes,
All the songs of all the scribes,
All that priest and prophet say,
What is it? and what are they?

Fancies futile, feeble, vain,
Idle dream-drift of the brain,—
As of old the mystery
Doth encompass you and me.
  * * * *

Old and yet young, the jocund Earth
  Doth speed among the spheres,
Her children of imperial birth
  Are all the golden years.

The happy orb sweeps on,
  Led by some vague unrest,
Some mystic hint of joys unborn
  Springing within her breast.

What takes one in "The Gates of Si-

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lence", which, of course, means the gates of death, are the large sweeping views. The poet strides through time and space like a Colossus and

> flings
> Out of his spendthrift hands
> The whirling worlds like pebbles,
> The meshèd stars like sands.

Loveman's stanzas have not the flexibility and freedom of those of Moody and McCarthy, but they bring in full measure the largeness of thought which a true poem requires.

William Vaughn Moody, an Indiana poet, and a poet of high order, died while yet a young man in the early part of this century. Some of his poems rank with the best in the literature of his time. He was deeply moved by the part we played in the Spanish-American War. It was a war of shame and plunder from the point of view of many of the noblest and most patriotic men of the country. We freed Cuba from the Spanish yoke and left her free; but we seized the Philippines and subdued the native population by killing a vast number of them—more than half of them, some say. Commercial exploitation inspired our policy. How eloquently Senator Hoar of Massachusetts inveighed against our course! We promised the Filipinos their freedom, a promise we have not yet fulfilled. Dewey, the commander of our fleet that took Manila, was the short-lived hero of the hour.

Moody's most notable poems are "Gloucester Moors", "An Ode in Times of Hesitation" (inspired by the Shaw Monument in Boston, the work of Saint Gaudens), "The Brute", "The Daguerreotype", and "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines". In this last poem throb and surge the mingled emotions of pride and shame which the best minds in the country felt at the time—shame at our mercenary course, and pride in the fine behavior of our soldiers. It is true we made some pretense of indemnifying Spain by paying her twenty million dollars, which was much like the course of a boy who throws another boy down and forcibly takes his jack-knife from him, then gives him a few coppers to salve his wounds. I remember giving Moody's poem to Charles Eliot Norton (one of those who opposed the war), shortly after it appeared. He read it aloud with marked emotion.

When I say that every true poet must have a philosophy, I do not mean that he must be what is commonly called a philosophical poet; from such we steer clear. The philosophy in a poem must be like the iron in the blood. It is the iron that gives color and vigor to the blood. Reduce it and we become an anæmic and feeble race. Much of the popular poetry is anæmic in this respect. There is no virile thought in it. All of which amounts to saying that there is always a great nature back of a great poem.

The various forms of verse are skilfully used by an increasing number of educated persons, but the number of true poets is not increasing. Quite the contrary, I fear. The spirit of the times in which we live does not favor meditation and absorption in the basic things out of which great poetry arises. "The world is too much with us." Yet we need not be too much discouraged. England has produced Masefield and we have produced John Russell McCarthy, who has written the best nature poetry since Emerson. The genius of a race does not repeat. We shall never again produce poets of the type of those that are gone, and we should not want to. All we may hope for is to produce poets as original and characteristic and genuine as those of

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the past—poets who as truly express the spirit of their time, as the greater poets did of theirs—not Emerson and Whitman over again, but a wide departure from their types.

Speaking of Whitman, may we not affirm that it is his tremendous and impassioned philosophy suffusing his work, as the blood suffuses the body, that keeps "Leaves of Grass" forever fresh? We do not go to Whitman for pretty flowers of poesy, although they are there, but we go to him for his attitude toward life and the universe, we go to stimulate and fortify our souls,—in short, for his cosmic philosophy incarnated in a man.

What largeness of thought Tennyson brings to all his themes! There is plenty of iron in his blood, though it be the blood of generations of culture, and of an overripe civilization. We cannot say as much of Swinburne's poetry or prose. I do not think either will live. Bigness of words, and fluency, and copiousness of verse cannot make up for the want of a sane and rational philosophy. Arnold's poems always have real and tangible subject matter. His "Dover Beach" is a great stroke of poetic genius. Let me return to Poe: what largeness of thought did he bring to his subjects? Emerson spoke of him as "the jingle man", and Poe, in turn, spoke of Emerson with undisguised contempt. Poe's picture reveals him as a neurotic. There is power in his eyes, but the shape of his head is abnormal, and a profound melancholy seems to rest on his very soul. What a conjurer he was with words and metres and measures! No substance at all in his "Raven", only shadows—a wonderful dance of shadows, all tricks of a verbal wizard. "The Bells" is his masterpiece, a really powerful poem, unique in English literature; but it has no intellectual content. Its appeal is to the eye and ear alone. It has a verbal splendor and a mastery over measure and rhythm far beyond anything in Shelley, or in any other poet of his time. It is art glorified; it is full of poetic energy. No wonder foreign critics see in Poe something far beyond that found in any other American, or in any British poet!

Poe set to work to write "The Raven" as deliberately as a mechanic goes to work to make a machine, or an architect to build a house. It was all a matter of calculation with him. He did not believe in long poems, hence decided at the outset that his poem should not be more than one hundred lines in length. Then he asked himself, What is the legitimate end and aim of a poem? and answered emphatically, Beauty. The next point to settle was, What impression must be made to produce that effect? He decided that "melancholy is the most legitimate of all poetic tones". Why joy or gladness, like that of the birds, is not equally legitimate, he does not explain. Then, to give artistic piquancy to the whole, he decided that there must be "some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn". He found that "no one had been so universally employed as the refrain". The burden of the poem should be given by the refrain, and it should be a monotone, and should have brevity. Then his task was to select a single word that would be in keeping with the melancholy at which he was aiming, and this he found in the word *nevermore*. He next invented a pretext for the frequent but varying use of *nevermore*. This word could not be spoken in the right tone by a human being; it must come from an unreasoning creature, hence the introduction of the raven, an ill-omened bird, in harmony

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with the main tone of the poem. Next he considered what was the most melancholy subject of mankind, and found it was death, and that that melancholy theme was most poetical when allied to beauty. Hence the death of a beautiful woman was unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world. It was equally beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic were those of a bereaved lover. Thus he worked himself up, or rather back, to the climax of the poem, for he wrote the last stanza, in which the climax occurs, first. His own analysis of the poem is like a chemist's analysis of some new compound he has produced; it is full of technical terms and subtle distinctions. Probably no other famous poem was turned out in just that studied and deliberate architectural way—no pretense of inspiration, or of "eyes in fine frenzy rolling": just skilled craftsmanship—only this and nothing more.

Arnold's dictum that poetry is a criticism of life is, in a large and flexible sense, true. The poet does not criticize life as the conscious critic does, but as we unconsciously do in our most exalted moments. Arnold, I believe, did not appreciate Whitman, but one function of the poet upon which Whitman lays emphasis, is criticism of his country and times.

What is this you bring, my America?
Is it uniform with my country?
Is it not something that has been better done or told before?
Have you not imported this or the spirit of it in some ship?
Is it not a mere tale? a rhyme? a pettiness?—is the good old cause in it?
Has it not dangled long at the heels of the poets, politicians, literates of enemies' lands?
Does it not assume that what is notoriously gone is still here?
Does it answer universal needs? will it improve manners?
Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?
Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air, to appear again in my strength, gait, face?
Have real employments contributed to it? Original makers, not mere amanuenses?

Speaking of criticism, it occurs to me how important it is that a poet, or any other writer, should be a critic of himself. Wordsworth, who was a really great poet, was great only at rare intervals. His habitual mood was dull and prosy. His sin was that he kept on writing during those moods, grinding out sonnets by the hundred—one hundred and thirty-two ecclesiastical sonnets, and over half as many on liberty, all very dull and wooden. His mill kept on grinding whether it had any grist of the gods to grind or not. He told Emerson he was never in haste to publish, but he seems to have been in haste to write, and wrote on all occasions, producing much dull and trivial work. We speak of a man's work as being heavy. Let us apply the test literally to Wordsworth and weigh his verse. The complete edition of his poems, edited by Henry Reed and published in Philadelphia in 1851, weighs fifty-five ounces; the selection which Matthew Arnold made from his complete works, and which is supposed to contain all that is worth preserving, weighs ten ounces. The difference represents the dead wood. That Wordsworth was a poor judge of his own work is seen in the remark he made to Emerson that he did not regard his "Tintern Abbey" as highly as some of the sonnets and parts of "The Excursion". I believe the Abbey poem is the one by which he will longest be remembered. "The Excursion" is a long dull sermon. Its didacticism lies so heavily upon it that it has nearly crushed its poetry,—like a stone on a flower.

All poetry is true, but all truth is not poetry. When Burns treats a nat-

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ural history theme, as in his verses on the mouse and the daisy, and even on the louse, how much more there is in them than mere natural history! With what a broad and tender philosophy he clothes them! how he identifies himself with the mouse and regards himself as its fellow mortal! So have Emerson's "Titmouse" and "Humble Bee" a better excuse for being than their natural history. Or take McCarthy's lines to the honey bee:

Poor desolate betrayer of Pan's trust,
Who turned from mating and the sweets thereof,
To make of labor an eternal lust,
And with pale thrift destroy the red of love,
The curse of Pan has sworn your destiny.
Unloving, unbeloved, you go your way.
Toiling forever, and unwittingly
You bear love's precious burden every day
From flower to flower (for your blasphemy)
Poor eunuch, making flower lovers gay.

Or this:

GODLINESS

I know a man who says
That he gets godliness out of a book.

He told me this as we sought arbutus
On the April hills—
Little color-poems of God
Lilted to us from the ground,
Lyric blues and whites and pinks.
We climbed great rocks,
Eternally chanting their gray elegies,
And all about, the cadenced hills
Were proud
With the stately green epic of the Almighty.

And then we walked home under the stars,
While he kept telling me about his book
And the godliness in it.

There are many great lyrics in our literature which have no palpable or deducible philosophy; but they are the utterance of deep, serious, imaginative natures, and they reach our minds and hearts. Wordsworth's "Daffodils", his "Cuckoo", his "Skylark", and scores of others, live because they have the freshness and spontaneity of birds and flowers themselves.

Such a poem as Gray's "Elegy" holds its own, and will continue to hold it, because it puts in pleasing verse form the universal human emotion which all persons feel more or less when gazing upon the graves of those who have gone before.

The intellectual content of Scott's poems is not great but the human and emotional content in them is great. A great minstrel of the border speaks in them. The best that Emerson could say of Scott was that "he is the delight of generous boys", but the spirit of romance offers as legitimate a field for the poet as does the spirit of transcendentalism, though yielding, of course, different human values.

Every poet of a high order has a deep moral nature, and yet the poet is far from being a mere moralist,—

> A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
> An intellectual all-in-all.

Every true poem is an offering upon the altar of art; it exists to no other end; it teaches as nature teaches; it is good as nature is good; its art is the art of nature; it brings our spirits in closer and more loving contact with the universe; it is for the edification of the soul.

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IS THERE ANYTHING TO BE SAID FOR LITERARY TRADITION?

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

IN the busy hum of self-approbation which accompanies the critical activities of our "young people", perhaps the dominant note is their satisfaction at having emancipated themselves from the fetters of tradition, the oppression of classical precedent and standard, the burden of a patrimonial culture. By detaching the new literature from its learned past they feel that they are assuring it a popular future. Turn to any one of half a dozen books which discuss the movement, and you will hear that people are now discovering, "often to their own surprise", that they can read and enjoy poetry. The ancient writers—for example, Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, and Longfellow — constantly stumped them with strange and obsolete phrases, like "multitudinous seas incarnadine" and like "tumultuous privacy of storm". The ancient writers sent them to out-of-the-way reference books to look up obscure legends about Troy—not the one where collars are made—, and about war in heaven, and the landing at Plymouth Rock. It is a relief to countless eager young souls that Mr. Mencken has dismissed all this as "the fossil literature taught in colleges". It is a joy to learn from Mr. Untermeyer that they may come out from the "lifeless and literary storehouse" and use life for their glossary, as indeed they may —or yesterday morning's newspaper.

To this mode of procuring a literary renascence there may be raised one objection, which, to minds of a certain temper, will seem rather grave: all experience is against it. Such, at any rate, is the thesis informally argued in the thirty-eight "Letters to X" recently published by an English critic, H. J. Massingham, who reviews with mingled amusement and alarm the present "self-conscious rebellion against tradition". In the eyes of our excited cosmopolitans, whose culture has a geographic rather than an historical extension, Mr. Massingham's opinions will of course appear to be hopelessly prejudiced by his Oxford breeding, his acquaintance with the classics, his saturation in Elizabethan literature, and his avowed passion for old books in early editions, musty, drilled by the bibliomaniac worm, prehistoric things, like Nares's Glossary and Camden's Remains. But it really is not the *opinion* of our critic that is formidable: "The restoration of the traditional link with the art of the past is a conservative and revolutionary necessity". It is not the supporting opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds—he too was prejudiced: "The only food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is found in the great

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works of his predecessors". It is not even the opinion of Henry James, whom Mr. Massingham proclaims as the profoundest critic since Coleridge: "It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquillity".

The formidable arguments against the radical engineers of renascence are just the notorious facts of literary history. The fact that a bit of the "fossil literature taught in colleges", the story of Arthur, written in Latin by a Welsh monk in the twelfth century, has flowered and fruited in poetry, painting, and music generation after generation pretty much over the civilized world. The fact that Chaucer and his contemporaries, in whom poetry had a glorious rebirth, had previously devoured everything in what Mr. Untermeyer would call the "lifeless and literary storehouse" of the Middle Ages. The fact that the Elizabethans, to quote Mr. Massingham's vigorous phrase, flung themselves on tradition "like a hungry wolf, not only upon the classics but upon all the tradition open to them". The fact that Restoration comedy is simply a revival of late Caroline in the hands of men who had studied Molière. The fact that the leaders of the new movement in the eighteenth century, when they wished to break from a stereotyped classicism, did not urge young people to slam the door on the past, but on the contrary harked back over the heads of Pope and Dryden to the elder and more central tradition of Milton, Shakespeare, and Spenser; and sluiced into the arid fields of common sense, grown platitudinous, the long-dammed or subterranean currents of mediæval romance. The fact that "Childe Harold", "Adonais", "The Eve of St. Agnes", "The Cotter's Saturday Night", and "The Castle of Indolence" were all written by imitators of Spenser or by imitators of his imitators. The fact, to omit the Victorians, that W. B. Yeats, the most skilful living engineer of literary renascence, set all his collaborators to digging around the roots of the ancient Celtic tree before we enjoyed the blossoming of a new spring in Ireland. The fact that John Masefield, freshest and most tuneful voice of England, is obviously steeped to the lips in the poetry of Byron, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer.

Why is it that the great poets, novelists, and critics, with few exceptions, have been in the more liberal sense of the word, scholars, masters of several languages, students of history and philosophy, antiquarians? First of all because the great writer conceives of his vocation as the most magnificent and the most complex of crafts. He is to be his own architect, master-builder, carpenter, painter, singer, orator, poet and dramatist. His materials, his tools, his methods are, or may be, infinite. To him, then, the written tradition is a school and museum in which, if he has a critical and inventive mind, he learns, from both the successes and the failures of his predecessors, how to set to work upon his own problems of expression. As Mr. Yeats is fond of pointing out, the young poet may find Herbert and Vaughan more helpful to him than the work of his own contemporaries, because the faults in the elder poets, their dead wood, will not attract and mislead him.

But tradition is more than a school of crafts. It is a school of mood and manners. The artist who is also a scholar cannot fail to discover that

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what distinguishes all the golden periods of art, what constitutes the perpetual appeal of the masters is a kind of innermost poise and serenity, tragic in Sophocles, heroic in Michelangelo, skeptical in Montaigne, idyllic in Sidney, ironic in Fielding. This enviable tranquillity reigns only in a mind that, looking before and after, feels itself the representative of something outlasting time, some national ideal, some religious faith, some permanent human experience, some endless human quest. Nothing begets this mood and manner, the sovereign mark of good breeding in letters, like habitual association with those who have it, the majority of whom are, in the vulgar sense of the word, dead. An old and minor writer, Izaak Walton, speaks perfectly in the spirit of a great period, is indeed elate with the very breath of its superb tranquillity, when in "The Compleat Angler" he makes Piscator ask the Milkmaid for "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago", and for the answer to it, "which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days". Let the modern imitators in verse of the auctioneer and the steam calliope step into the "lifeless and literary storehouse" and compare these "fossils" with some of our recent efforts to make verse popular. "They were old-fashioned poetry", says Piscator apologetically, "but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

Out of the tranquillity induced by working in a good literary tradition develops form. Mr. Massingham is a bit fastidious in his use of this word. He denies form, for example, to Pope and to Swinburne; though both have technique, that is another matter. "Form", he declares, "is a vision contained and made manifest." He attributes the unproductiveness of our age in the field of satire to a vision without a traditional base, reeling and shifting in the choppy waters of contemporary opinion. His remarks on the deficiencies of Gilbert Cannan as satirist and novelist further elucidate his idea; and they may serve also as a comment upon many of the younger writers in America:

> The works of Mr. Cannan seem to say, "That is what life is—a surge of base and beautiful forces, intensified in the consciousness of man". But that is a fallacy. Life is like that to the layman, but it is the business of the artist to see a clue in it, to give it shape and order, to weld its particles into congruity. Here is where his lack of a constructive or satiric purpose growing out of and controlling the material tells to his hurt. He knows life in the raw, but the satirist would put it in the oven and dish it up. So he wanders in the dark, and we blunder after him. But we want light, if it be only from a tallow candle.

Now our "young people" in America are disposed to reject the English tradition as unserviceable lumber. They scorn equally the greater part of the American tradition as puritanical, effeminate, or overintellectualized. If they seek foreign allies, it is with those who help them forget our national characteristics, our native bent and purposes, our discovered special American "genius". In what measure is the revolt due to the conduct of the movement by writers whose blood and breeding are as hostile to the English strain as a cat to water? Whatever the answer, I suspect that the young people who are being congratulated right and left on their emancipation from tradition would appear to Mr. Massingham to be rather open to condolence than to felicitation. They have broken away from so much that was formative, and they suffer so obviously in consequence of the break. Their poets have lost a skill which Poe had: though they paint a little, and

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chant a little, and speak a great deal of faintly rhythmical prose, they have not learned how to sing. Their novelists have lost a vision which Mr. Howells had: though they have shaken off the "moralistic incubus" and have released their "suppressed desires", they have not learned how to conceive or present a coherent picture of civilized society. Their leaders have lost a constructiveness which a critic so laden with explosives as Emerson exhibited: though they have blown up the old highways, they have not made new roads.

Am I doing the "young people" an injustice? I turn from their anthologies of verse, where I have searched in vain for such music as the angler's milkmaid sang; and from the novels of Mr. Cabell, in whom I have not discovered that ascending sun heralded by the lookouts; to "A Modern Book of Criticisms", recently collected and put forth by Ludwig Lewisohn. The editor's desire is to show us that "a group of critics, young men or men who do not grow old, are at work upon the creation of a civilized cultural atmosphere in America". The idea resembles that, does it not? of Waldo Frank, who recently informed us that literature began in America in 1900—or was it 1910?—at Mr. Stieglitz's place in New York. The implication is clearly that the country which developed Bradford, Franklin, Emerson, Lincoln, Thoreau, Whitman, Mark Twain, here and there in villages and backwoods, had no "civilized cultural atmosphere" worth mentioning. It does not seem quite plausible. But let us proceed with Mr. Lewisohn. His critics:—"Like a group of shivering young Davids—slim and frail but with a glimpse of morning sunshine on their foreheads—they face an army of Goliaths". The slim and shivering young Davids turn out on investigation to be Mr. Huneker, Mr. Spingarn, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewisohn, Mr. Hackett, Van Wyck Brooks, and Randolph Bourne. It is not a group, taken as a whole, however it may be connected with the house of Jesse, which should be expected to hear any profound murmuring of ancestral voices or to experience any mysterious inflowing of national experience in meditating on the names of Mark Twain, Whitman, Thoreau, Lincoln, Emerson, Franklin, and Bradford. One doesn't blame our Davids for their inability to connect themselves vitally with this line of Americans, for their inability to receive its tradition or to carry it on. But one cannot help asking whether this inability does not largely account for the fact that Mr. Lewisohn's group of critics are restless impressionists, almost destitute of doctrine, and with no discoverable unifying tendency except to let themselves out into a homeless happy land where they may enjoy the "colorful" cosmic weather, untroubled by business men, or middle class Americans, or Congressmen, or moralists, or humanists, or philosophers, or professors, or Victorians, or Puritans, or New Englanders, or Messrs. Tarkington and Churchill. A jolly lot of Goliaths to slay before we get that "cultural atmosphere".

Mr. Lewisohn says that he has put his little book together in order to furnish his shivering Davids "with stones for their slings". And yet he protests that he finds life worthy of his sympathy "in every manifestation", and desires "neither to judge nor to condemn". Shall we infer that he sympathizes with the Goliaths, that he does not condemn them, even while he goes out to slay them?

The purring insincerity of that pro-

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fession of universal sympathy, of that desire neither to judge nor to condemn, is enough in itself to make one grateful for a liberative tradition long antedating the efforts of these bewildered impressionists. Revolt is an American tradition. America was born because it revolted. It revolted because it condemned. It condemned because its sympathies were not universal but selective. Its sympathies were selective because it had a vision, pressing for fulfilment. That vision, and not a sentimental fondness for representing life as a meaningless surge of base and beautiful forces, liberated its men of letters. Thence their serenity, in place of that "gentle but chronic dizziness" which Hugo von Hofmannsthal says "vibrates among us." Thence, too, their freedom from ancestor-worship and bondage to the letter. Listen to Emerson:

> Ask not me, as Muftis can,
> To recite the Alcoran;
> Well I love the meaning sweet;
> I tread the book beneath my feet.

Thence, too, the traditional bent of the American spirit toward modernity, toward realism. It was nearly a hundred years ago that our then-leading critic wrote in his journal: "You must exercise your genius in some form that has essential life now; do something which is proper to the hour and cannot but be done." Did he not recognize what was to be done? I quote once more from him a finer sentence than any of our impressionists has ever written: "A wife, a babe, a brother, poverty, and a country, which the Greeks had, I have." The grip and the beauty of that simple sentence are due to the union in it of an Athenian vision with Yankee self-reliance. It is the kind of feeling that comes to a man who has lived in a great tradition.

Letters to X. From H. J. Massingham. E. P. Dutton and Co.
A Modern Book of Criticisms. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright.

MOVIES IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY HECTOR MAC QUARRIE

IT is seven thirty.

The tropical night is very dark. Around the corrugated iron shack are many stalls, the hurricane lamps from which give a weak yellow light. The dim light is depressing. The stars, seen vaguely through the palms, look down with amusement. Each pin prick in the dome of heaven suggests a solemn eye.

Native men and women stand around in soft flowing robes of clean print. They eat oranges. The young women are coy. They jeer at the good-looking boys and arrange to meet afterward—after the movie.

There is a noise as of a gas engine—quick, impudent, throbbing. There

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Note—This chapter from the forthcoming volume, "Tahiti Days", is published through the courtesy of the author.

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is much light—bright, hard light, as twenty electric globes become alive. The tropical night is conquered; the stars wink in vain; their amusement is futile.

There is much excitement. The movie is now going to commence.

We all enter the building, and there is at once the sweet smell of cocoanut oil and gardenia. The building is crowded, for tonight a great picture will be presented. Tonight's the night! There will be another great picture tomorrow night, and the next night, and the night after that—every night. But tonight is the night. Let's be happy now. There is no tomorrow and no yesterday on our mental horizon. We live in the present; for God is good.

The picture commences and the conductor from the balcony, sitting on a deck-chair, explains the picture for we cannot read the writing of the *Paratane*. Also the white folk do such strange things. They start to do interesting things but they never finish. The white folk are strange. Perhaps they don't know. We could show them much.

The band plays. There is darkness. The picture commences. Soon the words will stop. There are many words and the pictures are dead; they are grey and white. Now they live.

The *vahine* appears. Oh, she is very lovely. See, her face is now big and of a strange whiteness. Much soap she has used, for her face is very white. See her hair, the light is shining on it; and her eyes are very big and beautiful. She smiles and we smile too. Why do the white men come and make love to us? We are black; yes, we are black—like the negro. The white man says we are not black, but just brown. We are black! It is true.

She lives in a beautiful *fare*. There are many chairs and she sits on a chair. This is unnecessary, for are there not many carpets on the floor? An old man sits at a table. Like the missionary he speaks slowly, and his hair is white. What is he saying? We know not.

Now she is going to the house where white women dance. They dance with white men who wear black clothes. They look like beetles. You cannot see their legs. It is a pity.

There is one white man who looks strange. He has evil designs. He will surely be the cause of much trouble. There is another man. He is very beautiful. His face is like the face of an angel, but he is sad. His face is now big, it takes up the whole screen, and it is very lovely. See, he smiles, but sadly; his smile is like sunshine.

The people dance. They do not dance the *hula-hula*. But the men and women are close together. What will happen next? Is it proper to hold a man so close to you? Yes, it is proper; the white folk do not know.

The man with evil designs smiles on the lady of beauty. She is unhappy. It is terrible; surely he will thrash her. He holds her hand—tightly. They are alone in a small room. God, he is going to kill her! He is holding her hand. It is awful. We are all breathing heavily. The women surely will rise up and kill the man. It is awful. Where is the handsome young man?

"Sit down, Marfa. All will be well."

We are breathing heavily. The men are muttering, "Damn that man. Why he hurt the pretty *vahine?*" See, he is speaking firmly and she is weeping. We too are weeping. How the white folk suffer!

Would it not be better for her to kiss him—to pretend that she loves

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him and then to run away—quick. Her face is now large and from her big eyes tears are descending. *Aue! Aut!* The tears are descending like milk from a cracked cocoanut. Big tears. Perhaps her cousin is dead and there will be a *tangi.*

Now she is small again and the man can be seen. Oh, *Atua,* he has picked her up. He is running through the house. They are in a motor car. Where *is* the lovely young man? He does not know, for he is sitting talking to another man. He does not know. *Aue! Aue!*

Things are terrible. There is no hope. The world is full of suffering. There is no fish to eat. We are old. There is a cyclone, for the heavens are dark and soon many will be dead. Let's now run up the cocoanut trees.

The beautiful *vahine* is now in the house of the man of evil designs. What will he do? Poor man, he has no *vahine* and he wants her. It would be better if she pretended. See, she is getting up. She speaks harshly but sweetly. She fights him. She is wrong, for men can fight better, and he will thrash her; then she will love him, and the beautiful young man will be forgotten.

Still the young man is sitting in the house of many tables talking to another *tane.* Why he not get up and look? See, he is now looking. He searches, but in vain. The young man with the thin legs and the little round cap tells him something. He runs out; he gets in his motor car. The motor car goes quickly. Surely he will find the beautiful *vahine.*

She is still in the house, but she has not learned to pretend. The conductor says that such is the way of white women. They will not be with men they do not love. Why? All men are good.

Now two very bad men come in. *Atua,* it is awful. What will they do? She is in great distress now. See, she is screaming. It is terrible.

"Sit down, Marfa. All will be well. If you tear the screen we will not see the picture."

We are breathing heavily. Our hearts are pounding. They pound like hammers.

They carry the beautiful *vahine* into a room. They are going to kill her. See, they have bound her hands and her feet and over her mouth they have put a cloth. Soon she will die.

But see, the motor of the young man is rushing along the roads. Lights are twinkling. Will he be in time? We cannot breathe now. We must wait. See, he is getting near the house. But he will be too late, for they are now going to kill the woman. They are going to drop her down a well. See, they are getting her ready and her beautiful eyes are closed.

All joy has left us. We can never be happy again. There is too much suffering in this world. Let's all go and throw ourselves over the reef where the sharks may eat us. We cannot breathe.

"Sit down, Marfa. You make too much noise. True, she may die. We, too, are unhappy. She is *not* like your daughter. Your daughter is black."

Aue! Aue!

But the young man is racing in his car; perhaps he may save her. See, he has entered the house. He takes a gun from his pocket. We cannot breathe. We are breathless. *Atua,* save that woman. It's awful, terrible. She is now being carried. She is perhaps dead. *Aue! Aue!*

The people in the shack are all breathless. Many are weeping.

But the young man runs up the stairs. With his revolver he enters

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the room. The man of evil designs sees him, but he holds up his hands. Why doesn't the beautiful young man kill him? No, he binds him with the table cloth. Now he will go into the room. But he is too late. The beautiful *vahine* is now in the water. No, not yet, but soon. The men holding her hear a noise. They wait. The door is opened and they too put up their hands. Then there is shooting. The young man is down with a big man on top of him. There is more shooting. The beautiful *vahine* cannot help, for she is bound. See, her eyes are big and the whites can be seen. How can we stand it! See, the young man has thrown one of the bad men right over his head, but the other gets up. How strong he is, and she will love so strong a man!

See, now all the bad men are lying on the floor dead. Now we can breathe.

"Do not cry, Marfa. We too are crying—with joy."

See, he has unbound her, and she is still lovely. See, he looks at her. She looks at him. They throw their arms round each other. The band has started, for it could not play during the suffering.

See, they place their lips together. Why? Is this clean? But always the white men place their lips close to the lips of their women. It is a strange custom.

Now for the comic. Now we can laugh. Now we can be happy. Truly, the white folk suffer much and do funny things as well.

The movie is over.

From the corrugated iron shack the people come out. They linger. The maidens meet the *tanes*. They walk midst the palms. The maidens no longer jeer. They are soft and kind. Their eyes are filled with tears. For men are brave, and they will suffer for their women.

It is dark. Our faces are not black. They are brown-golden. It is pleasant to walk in the palm trees with a *tane*.

The white people suffer much.

CRITICISM

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

There once was a Great Dinosaurian,
Prodigiously phantasmagorian,
  Who perished of blight
  When a Wee Trilobite
Dismissed him as "Early Victorian!"

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DEMOCRACY AND A FREE PRESS

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

THE fact that the next president of the United States will be a newspaper man is not, in itself, a tribute to journalism. The candidates of the two leading parties were selected for purely political considerations and not because of their profession. Nevertheless, the transfer of an editor from his sanctum to the White House will have a direct bearing upon a problem which even now confronts the country, viz., the relation of a democracy to a free press.

One of the candidates seems to realize the importance of the question for, in accepting the presidential nomination, he says:

> There is no condition now that warrants any infringement on the right of free speech and assembly, nor on the liberty of the press. The greatest measure of individual freedom, consistent with the safety of our institutions, should be given.

"Consistent with the safety of our institutions." Aye, there's the rub! There is much significance in the qualifying phrase. It suggests that in too much freedom there is danger; but, we naturally inquire, who is to determine the degree of safety? Is it to be the President, or the Postmaster General vested with censorial power, or a judge upon the bench, or a jury of citizens good and true? In the very beginning we encounter the difficulty of expressing in the definite terms of a statute the line of demarcation between safety and danger. Congress solved the problem by relegating the whole matter to the discretion of the Postmaster General—an evasion of responsibility nowadays entirely too frequent.

A discussion of the relation of a democracy to a free press is appropriate to THE BOOKMAN at this time because three volumes have recently appeared—although their coincidental publication lacks any evidence of prearrangement—which deal with certain phases of journalism. In "A History of Journalism in the United States", George Henry Payne emphasizes the intimate association between a free press and a democracy. "To journalism", says Mr. Payne, "democracy owes not only its strength but, in whole or in part, all of its important victories"; while, on the other hand, "journalism owes to democracy its enjoyment of enormous privileges, its practical admission into the government". Further, Mr. Payne asserts that the development of journalism has been closely connected with the progress of democracy, "from which it sprang, to whose influence it owed its quick growth, and to which, in turn, it contributed as no other single factor in civilization, except Christianity, has contributed". This is unquestionably true. In the very earliest days of our history it was the courage of Benja-

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min Harris, the first newspaper publisher in America, which, as Mr. Payne points out with much detail, set aflame the desire for complete liberty in the souls of the colonists. Benjamin Harris, being a radical, suffered the suppression of his newspaper and was sent to jail. Today we reverence his memory. What are we to do with the radical editors of the present era, whom we are prone to denounce, but who may in the next century be lauded for the same qualities which we admire in Harris? Mr. Payne does not answer the question. Being more of an historian than a philosopher, he does not even discuss the current publications which advocate a new form of government, excite discontent and suggest revolution; and yet there is no phase of current journalism more worthy of serious consideration.

Mr. Payne maintains that the press has been a great uplifting and civilizing agency. The contrary view, expressed in unqualified terms, is presented in Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check". According to Mr. Sinclair, there are not ten righteous men in the whole Sodom and Gomorrah of newspaperdom. He characterizes the dishonesty of American journalism as deliberate and systematic. "Newspapers", he says, "do not represent public but private interests; they do not represent humanity but property; they value a man not because he is great or good or wise or useful, but because he is wealthy or the servant of vested wealth." According to Mr. Sinclair, everything which journalism does is saturated with selfishness. It intentionally misleads the public by suppressing or distorting facts and laughs in its sleeve at the guillibility of its readers. From beginning to end the book is an arraignment with numerous personal episodes to point the moral; and it concludes with an appeal for State-owned or municipal-owned newspapers.

Neither Mr. Payne nor Mr. Sinclair is wholly accurate in his point of view. They see only one side of the shield. As a matter of fact, while the press may not be wholly good, it cer tainly is not entirely bad. It is absurd to say that the ethics of journalism are wholly depraved. Between the two extremes thus presented, Walter Lippmann's little volume, "Liberty and the News", wherein the relation of the newspaper to the public is discussed in a reasonable and thoughtful way is much more satisfactory. Mr. Lippmann's contribution is neither a panegyric nor a tirade. It is true that it is a note of protest rather than of commendation; but even while Mr. Lippmann discovers deficiencies and shortcomings, he endeavors to be constructive by suggesting remedies which will correct what he calls "the grosser evils" of the existing news-structure. It would be ideal if, as he suggests, every reporter could be equipped with ability, experience and conscience, so that each item could be written intelligently and accurately and each event weighed in the balance of impeccable judgment, but he realizes that even reporters are not born with infallibility. He believes, however, in fixing the responsibility for the truthfulness of news, with each article documented, and with false documentation made illegal. "An item of news," he asserts, "should always state whether it is received from one of the great news agencies, or from a reporter, or from a press bureau." He finds retraction or an award of damages insufficient compensation for the publication of a false statement and suggests, with some misgiving because it seems too

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Utopian, a court of honor in which publishers should be compelled to meet their accusers. He advocates an increase of the accountability of publishers, but admits that the whole subject is difficult and full of traps. "It would be well worth an intensive investigation by a group of publishers, lawyers and students of public affairs," he says, "because in some form or other the next generation will attempt to bring the publishing business under greater social control." Much more could be quoted; but the impression left upon the mind by Mr. Lippmann's book is that he has approached a perplexing problem in dispassionate, sane and judicial fashion and with a beneficent purpose.

And yet in not one of these books is there any reference to, much less appreciation of, an existing problem. We have in this country quite a number of papers which constantly denounce our form of government, attack our institutions, and advocate the use of force. Occasionally, as in Chicago, a jury will send some radical editors to jail; but in the main these hostile and incendiary publications flourish without restriction. Owing largely to the perturbed state of the world, they are increasing in numbers and virulence. They shelter themselves under the ægis of the Constitution, defiantly quoting the provision of that document which declares that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press. Here is the exact wording:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press.

It is worth while remembering, perhaps, that the covenant as originally drafted, did not contain this provision, the reason being that the freedom of the press was held to be self-evident, so that any limitation placed upon Congress was in the nature of questioning a patent fact. Thomas Jefferson, however, demanded a prohibition in specific terms, so that there might be no misunderstanding in the future; and when the Bill of Rights, or the first ten amendments, became a part of the Constitution, freedom of religion, speech and the press was accorded first place. The guaranty stands today embodied in the great charter, either to be accepted literally or to be interpreted with broad qualifications. The point of view becomes important when we are considering the acts of men who write and publish in subversion of the government under which they live.

The angle from which the Constitution is to be approached depends, apparently, upon whether the country is at peace or at war. When war exists, the public mind patriotically revolts against the slightest expression of disloyalty and laws are passed and executive acts committed which, under other circumstances, would not be tolerated. Personally, it seems to me that in times of unusual excitement the safeguards of the Constitution ought to be invoked with more than usual care; but the contrary view undoubtedly prevails. Consequently, there is today upon the statute books a law regarding espionage which contains a section authorizing the Postmaster General, "upon evidence satisfactory to him," to exclude from the mails any matter deposited by any person or concern, and which contains a violation of the provisions of the act. As originally proposed, the censorship of the press was placed in the hands of the President, with certain provisions manifestly objectionable, the result being

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that the present law was adopted as a compromise.

The discussion in Congress over the subject of newspaper regulation was long and varied, one Representative inserting in "The Congressional Record" the entire text of Milton's famous "Areopagitica", which he characterized as "one of the most marvellous documents ever written by the pen of man upon free speech and free press". A few of the participants in the debate seriously considered the proposition from the standpoint of the Constitution, but the prevailing keynote was an evident desire to eulogize the home newspaper. As an exponent of what might be called the extreme view, Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, easily stood foremost. He urged "the most effective and drastic steps to stem the wicked tide of anarchy and bolshevism. It is our duty as legislators", he continued, "to do what we can to protect the American people against this poisonous spirit of anarchy and sedition. The Constitution never was intended for the protection of people of that kind. To my mind, it is idle to invoke the liberty of the press for these people. They are outside of the pale of constitutional or any other law. There are only two ways in which we can protect ourselves: one is to exclude these vicious publications from circulation among our people; the other is to educate the American people, so far as we can, against the dangers of this spirit of bolshevism." No wonder that Senator Nelson did not want any "academic Constitutional discussion to stand in the way of protecting the American people against such vicious propaganda".

On the other side, Senator Borah, of Idaho, asserted that the doctrine that Socialists and Bolshevists were outside of the pale of the Constitution and the law was the very doctrine that all would desire to keep from taking root in the American system of government; being, as he claimed, the precise doctrine upon which bolshevism and I. W. W.-ism is founded, viz., "that the man who disagrees with you is entitled to no protection other than that which force may in its beneficence see fit to exert."

Under the law as finally enacted the Postmaster General has barred from the mails a number of periodicals. In one case—a newspaper called "The Jeffersonian"—Judge Emory Speer, of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Georgia, upheld the cabinet officer. "Had the Postmaster General", he said in his decision, "longer permitted the use of the great postal system, which he controls, for the dissemination of such poison, it would have been to forego the opportunity to serve his country afforded by his lofty station." Another case affected the New York "Call", but restoration to the privileges of the mail has just been accorded to the paper by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. According to the press reports of the decision, the court decided that the Postmaster General had exceeded his authority in speculating on what sort of matter the "Call" might use in its columns in the future. This meagre statement is unsatisfactory, in that it does not touch upon the persistent efforts of the "Call" to embarrass the government in the conduct of the war; nor does it take into consideration articles cited by the Postmaster General in his brief, dated December 22, 1919, and which, published as late as November, 1919, did not relate in any way to the war, then a thing of the past. The court did not, apparently, undertake to outline a policy which can properly be

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adopted in dealing with radical publications in time of peace.

And the time of peace is near. The espionage act will soon be repealed and the Postmaster General divested of his brief authority. It is unnecessary, therefore, to comment upon the obvious danger of the injection of politics into the arbitrary enforcement of a censorship law, a menace which Theodore Roosevelt asserted was a reality. When the espionage act is no longer operative, and unless new statutes are enacted, there will be no restriction against the mailing of matter "advocating or urging treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States". The arbitrary authority now vested in the Postmaster General will no longer exist; but there will be in force a law of March 11, 1911, declaring indecent matter non-mailable and defining "indecent" to "include matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination". This law is specific enough to bar from the mails certain publications which openly advocate revolutionary measures, but it must be remembered that it does not interfere with printing or with circulation by other means of transportation than the mails. Is it enough to exclude these newspapers from the mails or shall the strong hand of suppression be laid upon them?

The answer, after all, must rest with the courts. It is somewhat singular that the Constitutional guaranty of a free press has never had a direct definition by the Supreme Court of the United States. That tribunal has had before it a number of cases involving the scope of the guaranty, but has merely decided that the particular act under consideration did or did not come within the scope of the protection offered. One of these decisions is worth quoting in part as follows:

> The safeguarding and fructification of free and constitutional institutions is the very basis and mainstay upon which the freedom of the press rests, and that freedom, therefore, does not and cannot be held to include the right *virtually to destroy such institutions*. It suffices to say that, however complete is the right of the press to state public things and discuss them, that right, as every other right enjoyed in human society, is subject to the restraints which separate right from wrong-doing. (*The Toledo Newspaper Co. vs. The United States, 247 U. S. 402.*)

If there is one thing certain it is that freedom of the press does not mean unrestrained license. All the courts are agreed upon this point; besides which, the men who framed the Constitution must have been thoroughly familiar with the English common law respecting the press, as set down by Blackstone. After stating that "every freeman has an undoubted right to lay whatever sentiments he pleases before the public", but that if he publishes what is improper, mischievous or illegal he must suffer therefor, Blackstone says:

> To punish (as the law does at present) any dangerous or offensive writings which, when published, shall on a fair and impartial trial be adjudged to be of a pernicious tendency, is necessary for the preservation of peace and good order, of government and religion, the only solid foundations of civil liberty. The will of individuals is still left free; the abuse only of that free will is the object of legal punishment.

The law of libel clearly defines the liability of the press for malicious, defamatory or injurious publication; but the radical newspapers do not attack persons; they assail the government. The latter, although impersonal, nevertheless exists; and common sense demands that it shall be protected against seditious assault. A democracy, above all other systems of government, ought to exercise the right of self-preservation, provided, of course, that the methods employed

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are democratic and not autocratic.

It is evident that the plea of Constitutional protection for the publications which are seeking to undermine our institutions has no foundation, either in the covenant itself, or in law or in justice. There are two ways of dealing with them. First, they can be suppressed, even though suppression does not always achieve its object; and there is a natural inclination toward repressive measures, based upon a feeling of resentment against a class of persons who come uninvited to our shores, who remain aliens, and who openly avow themselves agents of destruction. If they do not like our form of government, our ports of debarkation are open for their departure to some more congenial clime. On the other hand, we can adopt the Jeffersonian policy, which, however, is applicable only to those who are amenable to reason. "Truth", said Jefferson, "is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error and has nothing to fear from the conflict, unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate." Jefferson believed that the freedom of the press could not even be limited without being lost, and that agitation and the agitator were lesser evils than the loss of the benefits which a free press guaranteed. Jefferson could not, of course, anticipate the complexities of our present-day civilization; but no one can question the soundness of his position that if our body politic is clean and healthy it will be immune against the germs of anarchy and bolshevism.

We can felicitate ourselves that the newspapers which preach destructive doctrines constitute an infinitesimal fraction of the entire press, and that, as a rule, they have a meagre circulation. The danger is, however, that this fraction is growing larger; and the time may come when it will threaten to undermine our structure of law and order and menace the perpetuity of our institutions. When that time comes, if it is not already here, we must solve the problem by clearly recognizing the difference between constructive agitation and destructive anarchy. This will not require supernormal wisdom. Even an average intelligence can distinguish between a blue print and a bomb. The progressive mind will easily discern and welcome all efforts to increase the sum total of human happiness; but even admitting that new laws are necessary, that numerous reforms are advisable, and that we may need a wiser dispensation of justice, the fact remains that newspapers which advocate disobedience of existing law and reform through revolution have no place in this republic. We want, and always will have, a free press, but it must be a press that deserves its freedom through respecting and upholding the principles that make us a free nation. Newspapers which are not in harmony with democracy and which seek to destroy the enduring foundations upon which that democracy must rest, are not the architects but the wreckers of our fate.

History of Journalism in the United States. By George Henry Payne. D. Appleton and Co.

The Brass Check: A Study of American Journalism. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the author.

Liberty and the News. By Walter Lippmann. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

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THE TRUE-HEARTED OF PLYMOUTH

BY WALTER A. DYER

I AM ashamed to confess that it has been a long time since I visited Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, and gazed with youthful awe on Governor Carver's chair and the sword of Miles Standish, but I remember perfectly the quaint, hooded reed cradle in which Peregrine White was rocked to sleep—the child that was born to the Pilgrims in Cape Cod Harbor. For Peregrine White was my ancestor. And I well remember a little pilgrimage that my father and I made to a farm in Marshfield where Peregrine lived and died. As I recall it, my father scribbled some sort of rhymed inscription on a shingle and thrust it into the earth in Peregrine's cow lane.

Silly, romantic sentiment, no doubt. For years I have kept very quiet about it, because the Mayflower descendant has become the object of more or less deserved ridicule. But now we have come into our own again. This is the Pilgrims' year. We step from obscurity and take our places in the limelight, to be envied by those who formerly scorned us. We are celebrating our tercentenary, and the world has gathered to do homage to our forefathers. From Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, California, they are giving pageants in honor of the little ship and its God-fearing company that found a refuge at Plymouth, Massachusetts, three hundred years ago. There are twenty-three Plymouths listed in the United States Postal Guide, and I suppose they are all doing something about it. Cape Cod is making the most of its prior claim as the first landing-place of the Pilgrims, and Boston has taken the Pilgrim legend for its own.

The program of the celebration is indeed extensive. England in August and Holland in September have already done homage to the memory of that stout-hearted little band that ventured forth across unknown waters because of the faith that was in them. If the original plans are carried out, a replica of the Mayflower is even now on its way hither from Southampton, England, bound for Provincetown. And now comes our turn, with big doings in at least seventy American cities, including New York, Chicago, and Boston. Plymouth is the Mecca for thousands of modern pilgrims. Monuments will be erected, statues unveiled, and a nation set to thinking about that handful of very religious, very serious, but remarkably clear-visioned men and women who founded on these shores the beginnings of such democracy as we now profess to enjoy.

By this time the history of their coming must be fairly familiar even to those who read only the newspapers. A small body of English men and women, desiring first of all freedom from religious tyranny, fled to Holland, lived for a time in Leyden until

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even greater liberty seemed imperative, and then set sail for unpeopled America. One hundred and two of them came on the first ship, the Mayflower—men and women who were nearly all under forty years of age. After a futile attempt to find a suitable place for settlement on Cape Cod, they landed at what is now Plymouth, Massachusetts, and set up their little republic. Pestilence and famine came to them, and the peril of Indian attack, but they stuck to their guns and proved to all the world for all time that the thing could be done, that human beings can work out their own destiny if the will to do it is strong enough. Pioneers in what were then absolutely new ideals of administration, economics, and social order, they blundered often, but they won through to success with as novel an experiment in self-government as has ever been attempted.

The religious aspect of the adventure has in the past somewhat overshadowed the political, but we have lately come to see that what the Pilgrims established here was not merely "freedom to worship God", but a purer democracy than any the world had seen up to that time, and perhaps as pure as any since. They worked out their theory of self-government experimentally, proving first the weaknesses of communism and then developing a form of representative control that combined individualism with inter-responsibility, and, all without serious conflict. In that little laboratory of political theory and practice was developed in miniature the thing that we are now struggling to apply on a world-wide scale. Let those who smile at the Pilgrim Fathers consider that! We may not have been fully aware of it, but they have been the political teachers of all the democracy-seeking peoples of the world.

In the famous Compact, signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, all factions united in assuming the powers and responsibilities of a cooperative commonwealth, nominally owning allegiance to the King of England, but virtually an independent government. Bancroft has termed the signing of the Compact "the birth of popular constitutional liberty".

What sort of life did these Pilgrim Fathers lead after the landing? I find my own curiosity taking that turn. It was, first of all, a life of struggle, of privation, of discouragement. But it was, nevertheless, a normal life. These men were not mere fanatics. They labored for bread and they toiled to make homes. It was an age-old vision that they followed—the vision of Abraham and of Moses. They built and they planted, and though their mistakes and set-backs were many, they developed in the end a self-supporting community. They could not have done that if hard manual toil had not occupied the major portion of their time and thought. They learned to catch and eat the fish and shellfish that the sea brought to their doors. They planted, harvested, and ground the Indian maize. They built houses and a little town. (For a good brief description of the settlement in 1621 see the final chapter in "The Old Coast Road", by Agnes Edwards.)

Some writers have seen fit to dwell on the social immoralities that resulted from the isolation and the lack of recreation. There were such, to a moderate degree, but the Pilgrim Fathers themselves were not guilty. Coming with them from England and Holland, and joining them later, were sundry servants, adventurers, and roving characters who attached themselves to the

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colony but shared not the vision of the elect. It was among these associate members that the immoralities occurred, and they were promptly and severely punished.

The booze of the Pilgrim Fathers is another favorite topic of the humorists, but the Pilgrim Fathers, in view of the customs of the times in England and elsewhere, were a temperate lot. The conviviality of the first Christmas Day was moderate. "And so on board", we read, "we had divers times now and then some beer, but on shore none at all." Stephen Hopkins, who kept the inn, was accused in 1637 of allowing men to drink in his hostelry "on the Lord's Day before the Meeting be ended", and allowing servants and others, both before and after meetings, to drink "more than for ordinary refreshing". It is evident that drinking was indulged in only under official restraint. Innkeepers were licensed and their traffic regulated; when strangers first arrived they could buy liquor only to the amount of twopence worth.

Unquestionably the Pilgrims led a sober, perhaps a sombre, existence, but they had their games, their feasts, their merry-makings. It interests me personally to learn that, though the colonists were at first short of livestock (Priscilla's milk-white bull was a fiction), they brought over in the Mayflower, according to the Winslow narrative, two dogs, a mastiff and a spaniel.

Considerable interest naturally centres about the life of the Pilgrim Mothers. There were twenty-nine of them on the first ship, including six or seven girls under eighteen. Fifteen of these died and were buried the first winter and spring, yet none of the survivors elected to return to England in April. Their hearts were stout if their bodies were frail, and during the years that followed the women played an essential part in the building of the commonwealth. They learned new forms of cookery adapted to strange foods, and they contrived to make the most of the materials at hand for housekeeping and for clothing their families. Education for women and girls was not favored, but they were socially less submerged than in contemporary England. Their raiment was not all as dull and colorless as has commonly been supposed; gay and pretty things were mentioned in their wills.

We may have been inclined to think of the Pilgrim Fathers as all of one type. They differed in character as widely, of course, as the individuals of any other community. There were rascals among them, and troublesome Philistines like John Billington. Above all they were staunch and steadfast. Like the houses they built they were sturdy, four-square, uncompromising, but somehow endowed with the grace of balance and proportion. Felicia Hemans called them "the true-hearted", and genuine and sincere they ever were. Their great men fairly represented them—John Carver, William Bradford, William Brewster, Edward Winslow, Captain Miles Standish, and Dr. Samuel Fuller. And they were great men, judged by any standards whatsoever.

The Pilgrim Fathers have been charged with intolerance, but largely because they have been confused with the Puritans. They were, to be sure, uncompromising in their attitude toward evil of all sorts, but they were not cruel. Plymouth never put to death a witch or a Quaker, as Boston and Salem did. The Pilgrims were far less intolerant than were the so-called liberals of England; charity

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was a part of their creed in an age when charity enjoyed small recognition. Far less religious bigotry marks the history of the Pilgrims than that of the Puritans to the north of them. The latter based a despotic theocracy on the theory of a joint church and state; the former developed a liberal government with church and state separate. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony the franchise was restricted to church members; in Plymouth it was not. Captain Standish was never a member of the church, and John Alden, though he allied himself with the congregation later on, was an outsider who had been employed for a year as a cooper.

And what did it all accomplish? The Plymouth Colony never grew to large proportions and was eventually swallowed up. Some historians are inclined to infer that the Pilgrims played a relatively small part in the founding of the nation. But two points must be remembered here. First, the Plymouth Colony never failed as most political experiments have failed. The Pilgrims proved to all the world that they were right. And second, we are beginning to perceive that ideas and ideals are greater than armies, and it was ideas and ideals that the Pilgrims contributed as no other colonists did. What they believed became the fundamental theory of the new republic.

All of which, of couse, has been fully elucidated in the numerous Pilgrim-Plymouth books that have appeared in this tercentenary year, and it is to these that I recommend the inquiring reader. They are of various sorts and of varying degrees of merit —books for old and for young, popular and erudite, history and romance. A brief summary is all that limited space will permit, though several of them deserve a more extended review.

Perhaps the most enlightening of them all—if comparisons be not invidious—is Mary Caroline Crawford's "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers". It covers, with admirable thoroughness, the history of the Pilgrim adventure from its earliest beginnings in England and gives as vivid and complete a picture of the life of the Pilgrim Fathers as any I have seen. It seems to demand not so much an extended description as a general and hearty commendation.

Much the same ground is covered by William Elliot Griffis's "Young People's History of the Pilgrims". If one were in the mood for adverse criticism, it might be pointed out that Mr. Griffis has rather overdone his background at the expense of his story; the Pilgrims do not land on Cape Cod until page 237. It is a scholarly history; shall we say a bit too scholarly for youthful tastes? At least it has the merit of being accurate, thoroughgoing, and informing.

"The Women Who Came in the Mayflower", by Annie Russell Marble, is a very attractive little volume of one hundred and ten pages devoted to one aspect of the Plymouth life. It is well worth reading. Personally I was interested in a little picture of Peregrine White, whose widowed mother, one of the foremost women of the colony, became the wife of Edward Winslow.

"The Last of the 'Mayflower' ", by Rendel Harris, will interest those whose curiosity as to the history of the little ship itself is sufficiently keen to lead them through a somewhat disconcerting amount of argument and documentary evidence.

It is probably less difficult to write a successful novel from the conviction

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that one has a good story to tell than as a vehicle for historic facts to which the author must closely adhere. Granting these limitations, Frank M. Gregg has done exceedingly well in his romance of Pilgrim days, "The Founding of a Nation". Making use as narrator of an imaginary cavalier who took passage on the Mayflower, Mr. Gregg has woven a story which faithfully follows authentic history, enables the reader to visualize the life as only fiction can, and at the same time holds the interest through sheer excellence as a tale of love and adventure. It deserves a wide audience.

Three of the books before me are stories of the Pilgrims written for boys and girls. "The Argonauts of Faith", by Basil Mathews, follows history with admirable care, presents an excellent atmosphere, and tells an absorbing story. I am sorry that Mr. Mathews made Peregrine White a girl, but that slip may be forgiven in view of the reliability of the rest. "The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers", by H. G. Tunnicliff, begins back in Scrooby and takes the Pilgrims through the Holland episode and the first years in Plymouth. It is a somewhat impersonal narrative, but it will appeal to boys, as the author has made the most of the Indian encounters and the characters of Hobomok, Samoset, Squanto, and Massasoit. "A Pilgrim Maid", by Marion Ames Taggart, is that rare thing, a really good story for girls. It is a tale of sentiment with a background of Pilgrim life. It is a story first and history second. Constance Hopkins, the girl heroine, has a brother Giles who figures sufficiently to make the book not unacceptable to boy readers as well.

Three books dealing less directly with the Pilgrims will interest many readers who are familiar with the Old Colony country. "The Old Coast Road", by Agnes Edwards, is a readable guidebook for modern pilgrims, covering Massachusetts Bay from Boston south and including the Old Colony towns of Marshfield, Duxbury, Kingston, and Plymouth. The chapter on Plymouth gives the true story of the Rock. "Old Plymouth Trails", by Winthrop Packard, is a volume of charming essays by a well-known literary naturalist, the Pilgrim background appearing in several of them. "Cape Cod and the Old Colony", by Albert Perry Brigham, deals chiefly with the Cape, but includes also the contiguous country about Plymouth. It is a sort of glorified geography, with a good deal that is both interesting and instructive regarding the geology, industries, population, and history of the region. In this connection I cannot forbear mentioning again that excellent book, "A Loiterer in New England", by Helen W. Henderson, which was reviewed in the April BOOKMAN.

There is something about the Pilgrim Fathers that makes it difficult to resist the temptation to poke fun at them. They have, in fact, proved a rich source of inspiration for humor-

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In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown and Co.

Young People's History of the Pilgrims. By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Women Who Came in the Mayflower. By Annie Russell Marble. The Pilgrim Press.

The Last of the "Mayflower". By Rendel Harris. Longmans, Green and Co.

The Founding of a Nation. By Frank M. Gregg. George H. Doran Company.

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The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers. By H. G. Tunnicliff. Fleming H. Revell Co.

A Pilgrim Maid. By Marion Ames Taggart. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Old Coast Road. By Agnes Edwards. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Old Plymouth Trails. By Winthrop Packard. Small, Maynard and Co.

Cape Cod and the Old Colony. By Albert Perry Brigham, Sc.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Loiterer in New England. By Helen W. Henderson. George H. Doran Company.

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ists for many years. They took themselves so seriously, and their descendants have taken them so seriously, that the reaction is inevitable.

And yet even the most irreverent among us must admit that there was something fine in that spirit of theirs. Overlook the religious ardor that inspired them, if you can, and there still remains a rare courage and devotion to ideals. If some of us moderns who fret about the conditions of life, who profess to have ideals and convictions regarding democracy and freedom, had only inherited some of their courage to strike out into a new life and mold it nearer to the heart's desire, we might not now be floundering so helplessly between the Devil and the League of Nations.

Laugh at them and their blue laws if you will, at their sombre garb, their stocks and whipping-posts, their rigidities and their frailties, but be honest and you must admire. There was something big and genuine there, my fellow mortals; there was something there!

THE VIRTUOSO

BY MABEL J. BOURQUIN

THE curving breaker with cold, facile hands,
Is reaching out to play upon the sands.

Its rippling fingers in cadenzas run
Along the key board bleaching in the sun.

Like racing winds the measures seem to flow
With undertone of deep arpeggio.

In broken minor falls upon the ears,
The lilt of laughter and the sob of tears.

And when the song has reached its liquid end,
The secrets of the ocean with it blend,

And all the wonder of the sky and sea
Are wedded in triumphant harmony.

With all the magic of an artist's hands,
Those rippling fingers run along the sands.

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THE LITERARY SIDE OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The attitude of the two leading candidates for the presidency toward books and literature is a matter of interest to the readers of* THE BOOKMAN. *Both Senator Harding and Governor Cox are real booklovers and the election of either will carry into the White House a genuine friend of American literature.*

GOVERNOR JAMES M. COX AND HIS BOOKS

By Howard Egbert

LITERATURE has played a conspicuous part in the life of Governor James Middleton Cox of Ohio, Democratic nominee for the presidency. Indeed few men in the country with so limited an education as he was able to possess from schoolroom associations and experiences during his boyhood days, have attained unto such wide information. Books have won for him that superior knowledge which to young men more fortunately situated from the standpoint of family finance, has come through opportunities afforded in high schools and higher institutions of learning.

"It has seemed to me that I always have loved to have books about me," said the Governor not long since, during a restful period at Trailsend, his beautiful country home just outside the city of Dayton. He was seated on a handsome divan before an attractive and well-ordered log fireplace, which is constantly used during the winter season. Around the room, wherever the eye could take in the four walls, were books, books, books. There was a variety of volumes of priceless value which had been purchased at a time when Governor Cox was thinking of his future public life. He wanted to be surrounded by the best in reading and literature and so he began to build his library upon a strong and enduring basis. It covers a wide range. There is a volume of Walt Mason's poems occupying a place on the library shelves, alongside Plutarch's "Lives" and a superior set of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution". "I like Walt Mason's poems because they are genuinely true to life," the Governor said, when his attention was called to the modest little volume in between stately sets of books. "In fact, I like any kind of a book that either entertains or instructs. I am a firm believer in public libraries and when it seemed that in Dayton the public libraries might have to curtail their splendid services to the people of my home city, I was not slow to champion the cause of these institutions. Our Dayton 'News' openly espoused the cause of enlarged library facilities and maintenance of the work so admirably conducted by our officials. Public libraries have been the means of bringing an education and a knowl-

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edge to thousands in America who without resource to such institutions might never have known other thoughts than their own. We must learn to recognize the necessity for collecting the ideas of great men and women in all ages and appropriating to ourselves the best that these magnificent thinkers of all times have produced."

Governor James M. Cox was born a farmer's boy. And, not unlike many men who thus began life, his opportunities for securing an education were limited. He was able, however, to secure a pretty fair learning from the district school. In 1870, and for a period of many years thereafter, the country schools were destitute of libraries; but the little brick building where Governor Cox was taught his A B C's gave an amateur entertainment one night and raised enough money to provide a library of thirty-seven volumes. "Pilgrim's Progress" was among the list and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs". Then there was "Robinson Crusoe", and some kind of a history about the American government in three volumes. Governor Cox, though only a boy of tender years, had read the entire thirty-seven volumes within six weeks' time, sitting up late at night when the rest of the family had gone to bed, with only his mother beside him, engaged in reading religious literature which had been distributed through the United Brethren church nearby, to the village of Jacksonburg where the Cox farm was located. In fact the library in the Cox home was made up very largely of religious volumes collected by a devout mother, or accumulated through a number of years of parental Christian life.

"It was one of the happiest moments of my life to dig into one of those school library books after I had fed the cows and accomplished about five or six other chores about the farm which fell to my lot," the Governor said. "I recall having fallen asleep one night while reading. I awoke with a start. No one was in the room. The old clock of Grandfather Cox was ticking off the seconds and it happened that the book I was reading was a story of pirates off the Barbary coast. You can imagine my feelings at finding myself alone in a big farmhouse away out in the country, with my dreams of pirates and fights aboard ship still a perfect part of my mental condition. But having passed through the first period of terror and finding myself unharmed, I went right ahead and finished the story. I was, of course, much gratified to discover at the end of the volume that the pirates had been driven off by the heroic American sailors, the captain's wife had been rescued and everything ended as good fictional stories should end. I didn't get any sleep that night. I was awake when the dawn came up behind the eastern hills which skirted our farm, and so I got to work earlier than usual that morning, had my chores mostly done before the family was up, and was on my way to school to resume my studies and get another book to read before you could say 'Jack Robinson'."

Governor Cox always has been a great admirer and an insatiable reader of histories pertaining to Napoleon Bonaparte. He admits, without boasting, that he has read everything accessible about Napoleon. History and biography are his chief sources of delight when it comes to entertainment in reading. He will read straight through luncheon hour at Trailsend when engrossed in some historical sketch; but he loves to read in his-

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tory the lives of great personalities as set down by those who lived in the days of the men and women described, rather than the accounts collected by others who have been obliged to seek here and there for information. In other words, he likes authentic history, although his library is filled with hundreds of books on historical subjects written by historians of recognized authority. How well Governor Cox knows history is best demonstrated when inquiry is made about some conspicuous figure. He has read a dozen histories of the world by a dozen different writers, compared the accounts in his own mind and formed his own opinions. Few men in public life are so familiar with statesmen and outstanding figures in all countries. He adapts his reading in these trying times to subjects of peculiar interest to national problems; and is one of the most serious students of political affairs in the United States. "I believe every young man and every young woman in this country should pick out the best books on political history and make a thorough study of these subjects," he declared to a friend who was discussing the educational system in America. "The backbone of this country is education. I have no patience with folks who judge this, that or the other thing without due consideration of the merits of the thing. 'Reading', you know, 'maketh a full man', and I easily can understand how Julius Cæsar looking at the lean and hungry Cassius from afar, grew restless and made the laconic remark, 'He thinks too much, such men are dangerous'. I do not understand that Cæsar meant that such men were dangerous to the public welfare, but rather that they were decidedly dangerous to evil-doers seeking domination. Thinking men are dangerous to trifle with because they know the difference between right and wrong. Generally they can be counted on to champion the right."

It must not be supposed from what has been previously written herein that Governor Cox does not read anything but the "solid" literature. He sometimes of an evening runs through a popular novel. Since his nomination for the presidency he has not been able to devote any time to fiction. He has, however, stored up in his mind a lot of desirable economic facts that have been absorbed in other days; and fiction reading, being an entertainment with him and serving as a recreation, has been laid aside for such opportunities as a busy life from now until the close of the presidential campaign will afford. In the way of reading, it may not be amiss to say at this time that probably there is no man in America who is such a student of newspaper reading as Governor Cox. Besides owning two important daily newspapers in Ohio, he personally subscribes for a dozen of the most important publications, and as many magazines. In newspapers and magazines he finds surcease from affairs of state and he is a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool newspaperman, besides being a successful governor and distinguished citizen of his home city and his commonwealth.

"I am a firm and unyielding believer in education," the Governor has said upon many occasions. "My early life taught me the necessity for equipping rural schools in such a way that they could be wholesome treasury houses of learning. In Ohio we have a rural school system that is second to none in the United States. We have the centralized schoolhouses with every convenience—manual training, domestic science classes and so on—such as the big city high schools possess. I wanted

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to make the schools in the agricultural communities prolific and important sources of learning for the boys and girls as well as the folks of more mature years. I am happy to say, because I know it is true, that the centralized schools in Ohio are the community centres for the district. Books offer a fruitful source of education. I know of no better way for the average young man or young woman to come into possession of a workable storehouse that can be drawn upon instantly and always. We need to make the United States the best educated nation on the face of the earth. If we stop and think for a moment we can appreciate that public libraries or private libraries serve patriotically in bringing the mind of our people into a close and abiding relationship with our national ideals. If we have libraries in our homes let us utilize them. Too many books used only as references, do not satisfy. We must have something that will enlighten, inspire and in a compelling manner cause us to want to progress. It is only through progress in mental training that we arrive finally at our God-given destiny. Books have helped me. I treasure them as friends. Their comradeship is sweet and enduring."

THE BOOKS SENATOR HARDING LOVES TO READ

By George Elliott McCormick

A MAN who does not love books never can be president of the United States. This is a flat statement, but its basis is rock truth. No man ever acquired the education necessary for the presidency without a love for books—not all books, but many books—and books of the kind which influenced his whole career for good.

Warren G. Harding, Republican nominee for the presidency, has loved books from his boyhood, books whose information and broadening character increased his knowledge and stimulated his ambition. He has these books with him today at Marion, and week by week he adds to his treasured collection. They are thumb-marked, and some of the earlier volumes are pretty well dog-eared. Readers, as a general rule, do not dog-ear books today; but many of the books which belonged to Senator Harding in his boyhood days, and which he still possesses, have the corners of their leaves turned down—a certain sign of interest in some particular paragraph and of a desire not to lose the continuity of a history, a poem, or a tale.

It was entirely in accord with the eternal fitnesses that the name of the college paper which young Harding edited should have been "The Spectator". One expects a fresh-water college publication to be a "Spectator" just as naturally as he expects the sweet girl graduate to intimate rather strongly on her graduation day that "somewhere beyond the Alps lies Italy." As editor of "The Spectator", while he was neither an Addison nor a Steele, Mr. Harding learned the art of writing and acquired his love of reading. In his case, surely, the boy was father to the man.

There are American politicians of a certain kind who, when they would thunder from the stump or make the corridors of the Capitol echo with their voices, must consult encyclopædias or ready reference books to find out whether Henry Clay or Daniel Webster was the great compromiser and who delivered the oration in Lafay-

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ette's presence at the dedication of the monument on Bunker Hill. Harding is not of this class. He knows American history—not merely who won the battle of Saratoga, who surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, or the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence—but historic events, the causes that led to them, their aftermaths, and the names, the motives and the methods of the men associated with them. One would not go so far as to say that he had read and digested "The Federalist" before he was twelve years old, as has been said of one other American, but it is true that from his boyhood days he has had an instinctive love for all things pertaining to his country's life and development. He has a passion for history, and histories, with biographies, form the bulk of the books in his library.

And yet his reading is not confined to what specialists designate as "Americana". He will read a good novel, although fiction does not especially attract him. It would be more accurate to say that he loves romance. The readers of THE BOOKMAN need not be told that there is romance in books which are neither novels nor histories. There was romance enough in the lives of the founders of this republic, nor has this quality been lacking in noted men of later days. Biographies, biographies, and more biographies—this is Senator Harding's appeal. He has read the life of every American statesman—and many near-statesmen—and through these books has added to his store of wisdom. He is especially interested in volumes which deal with our Constitutional history. If any book bearing upon the Constitution has been written which Senator Harding has not read, it is because circumstances have never brought it to his attention. It is probable that his library contains as many volumes relating to Alexander Hamilton as any private collection in the country. Hamilton, from Senator Harding's point of view, was one of the really great men of the nation.

While temperamentally Senator Harding is not emotional, he has a fine regard for sentiment, and is more inclined toward authors of the Hichens and Maurice Hewlett type than to writers like Wells, Galsworthy or Shaw. He has a rhythmical ear and likes poetry, but prefers the epic to the sonnet. He is fond of Shakespearian plays, especially enjoying their beauty of expression. In fact, he likes any good drama; and thinks that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is the greatest play produced in many years.

Senator Harding is not, like Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, an omnivorous reader. Roosevelt read nearly everything and anything; but Mr. Harding is deliberate in his choice of books. The volumes which he reads must, in the main, be of a character to help him in developing his life. Where other men would throw aside statistical publications and commerce reports, he studies them with genuine interest. So-called humorous books find him unresponsive; and if two volumes were placed upon his desk, one the latest novel and the other the latest work on Alexander Hamilton, the novel would be laid aside until the other had been read twice. This indicates that Senator Harding is a serious-minded man. In the matter of reading this is certainly the case, even though he is not too serious to enjoy a good story or find pleasure in a game of golf.

If the current of his life had not turned toward business and politics, Senator Harding would have been an author. As a newspaper editor, he

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loves to write, while his experience in politics has made him fluent in speech. Often, as he sat in his library, filling page after page with written thought, the temptation to turn his attention to the preparation of a book has come to him; but books, he says, take leisure, and this has been denied him. In the meantime, his library shelves spread more and more around the walls of his Marion home; and though the books upon the shelves be a multitude in number, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has taken some tribute of knowledge from them all.

THE PLAY BOY OF THE WABASH

BY RUSSELL E. SMITH

I WRITE, usually, something which I wish someone else would write and save me the trouble. In other words, I am guided by a yearning to see some particular thing bound up in a book, and if my contemporaries don't see it and produce it, then I tackle the job myself."

This is the frankly expressed confession of Meredith Nicholson—poet, historian, essayist, publicist, novelist, short-story writer—what is he not in the gamut of letters?—whose latest novel "Blacksheep! Blacksheep!" recently appeared.

Mr. Nicholson knows his native Indiana from a great variety of angles. Born at Crawfordsville, forty miles from the Hoosier capital, he has wandered overseas and investigated every part of America, only to return to the soil he knows and loves best of all. There is more than a hint of the Southerner in his voice and his manner, rightly come by, for his forebears were part and parcel of the Kentucky pioneers, come to Indiana during the Daniel Boone days. Some of the spice of adventuring inherited from those old trail-blazers has cropped out in various of his writings from time to time.

He began novel writing as a realist, but after producing "The Main Chance" and "Zelda Dameron", let his fancy have its will in such yarns as "The House of a Thousand Candles", "The Port of Missing Men", and "The Siege of the Seven Suitors". He was moved to undertake the candle illumination, he says, because just at that time the market was full of tales of imaginary kingdoms, à la Zenda, and being a patriotic American he wanted to see what could be done with a picaresque tale, in an American setting. He not only made the habitat American but, to increase his difficulties, fixed it in Indiana.

Much as he delights in romance, Mr. Nicholson has all manner of plans for other work. He began his literary experiments (he modestly calls all his adventures in literature "experiments") as a poet, and has two volumes of verse to his credit. He is tremendously versatile, occasionally slipping into "The Atlantic Monthly" with a paper

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that provokes furious comment, ranging in subject from "Should Smith Go to Church?" to "The Third Rate Man in Politics". Indiana is a favorite theme. He has written a history of his own State, "The Hoosiers", which is an authoritative reference work; his "The Valley of Democracy" broadened the field; and his lengthy novel, "A Hoosier Chronicle", is full of Indiana lore. Now, he says, he means to write an autobiographical novel into which he hopes to put a lot more of Indiana, keeping it down, as he carelessly remarked, to a couple of hundred thousand words. But turning over another note-book, he decided that he might in the meantime "kick up" with another romantic yarn and do another volume of essays. Or there is a history of the clown from earliest times that, he says, it would be great fun to write, a scholarly book that would be definitive in its field, —he busies himself in libraries at times in the search for material. He would like to write a book on civil government for students, but this, he says, must wait a little. He has, however, served on an editorial board in the compilation of Scribner's "Heart of America" readers, an undertaking which he mentions with pride.

From the day he saw his first poem published, at seventeen, he has never been without some literary work that kept his ambition alive and he says that he has now enough things ahead to keep him going for five years. Then there is a religious novel which he thinks should be written, and in this field he is widely read. Though he has been dramatized and shown on the screen, he has never written or even attempted a play, and this seems to be the only literary form he has not tried. "I've been too busy, that's all, to bother with trying to do a play—I may sometime or other, but just now I have too much ahead that I would rather do first."

One may easily be led astray by the calm and repose of the man as he sits at his desk and surveys the world daily from his room on the fifteenth floor of the tallest office building in Indianapolis. The sounds of traffic are blurred and dim when they drift into his windows, and on his horizon are the hills and a panorama of green things growing, between which is a region of smoke wisps and flaunting plumes of white, signaling that man's work is a-doing down below.

Seated in his roomy studio, Mr. Nicholson gazes over the roofs of the world in a contemplative spirit. He is a sober-looking person, who presides at meetings and that sort of thing. He does not suggest in the least a man who would "think up" stories of adventure. Yet in "Blacksheep! Blacksheep!" the author's inventive faculties never functioned better. The outline of the story was buried in his note-books for several years before he began the manuscript. He was waiting, he says, for someone else to write a story of a gentleman who became a criminal against his will and took to the open road to escape from the results of his crime. The plot of this story is an artistic thing in itself, and the motivation is so plausible and so well done that the reader is beguiled into believing that here verily is an honest chronicle of actual occurrences. Nowhere in recent fiction is there anything quite so droll as the episode of the two rogues pausing in their flight from the law to attend a ball to which they have not, of course, been invited; and the elopement in which one of them quixotically assists is carried off with delightful humor. There are many minor characters, and they are all

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drawn with a painstaking and, it may be said, a loving hand.

At intervals in the production of "Blacksheep! Blacksheep!" Mr. Nicholson made political speeches, gave lectures on literature, served on committees with his fellow citizens to promote civic and social causes; but the story was so thoroughly organized in his mind that these interruptions did not interfere with the writing. He declined two appointments of dignity from the Wilson administration, and he has refused repeatedly to become a candidate for Congress. Editorships, lectureships in universities, responsible positions in banks and commercial enterprises, have been pushed aside with the superb gesture of one who hates to be annoyed. He studied law but never practised, though he still enjoys the society of lawyers and is capable of joining the discussion of new developments in jurisprudence.

"Blacksheep! Blacksheep!" hints in an elusive fashion that is peculiarly Nicholsonesque, at all these various interests of its author. One will correctly surmise that he had a good time writing that yarn. It is written with the zest of a boy who has run away from school for a day on the river. And Mr. Nicholson does indeed run away at times, and takes long motor cruises with his son for companion. He thinks all the world is a story and that if he could have his own way with the universe, all human beings would be comfortable and happy. This, he says, is his politics and his religion.

"Almost any normal human being would like to participate in just such adventures as I attribute to the characters in 'Blacksheep! Blacksheep!'," he says. "While I have never reddened my hands with blood or sought buried treasure or indulged in kidnaping, I find the contemplation of such experience highly edifying. When I write a tale of this sort I give it the same care I give to an essay, which is to say that I keep writing and rewriting until I feel that it's the best I can do. I have written great numbers of short stories in the vein of my brunette-mutton story and these, too, have been produced slowly; I try to sneak into them some little suggestion that I really know something about literature and am not writing with my eye on a prosperous and generous editor.

"In such a story as 'Blacksheep! Blacksheep!' you are bound to bore the reader if you let him see that your own interest is flagging. I've learned a lot from making political speeches in strange towns where I knew no one. Frequently I have arisen before an audience with one type of speech in my head, but the moment I began I felt the necessity of shifting to something entirely different. I deal with the unseen readers of a book in the same spirit. If the ink begins to run slowly I can see them skipping, and for a reason very similar to that which makes an audience grow restless."

Rapid movement and frequent surprises that leave the reader puzzled as to the next turn are essential in the kind of tale which Nicholson loves, and "Blacksheep! Blacksheep!" never pauses. Every foot of territory in the story—and it covers a great deal of ground—is well known to the writer—the Maine coast, the Vermont hills, the Ohio farm region, and the Great Lakes. The "Governor", who is something new in romantic heroes, takes form as a real person, a man the reader would like to invite to lunch. He philosophizes on many subjects, from love to red barns, and much of his light, amusing talk is exactly what one hears from the author at his own

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fireside or in his workshop. Here we have the whimsical humor and cheery outlook of Nicholson himself.

Along with his shepherding of black-sheep Mr. Nicholson lives a tolerably full life. By the time he reaches the breakfast table he has mapped out his writing for the day, even to the perfecting of a first sentence as he expects to set it down. He must visualize a whole book before he begins composition, down to the appearance of paragraphs or the form of a chapter. Frequently in writing "Blacksheep! Blacksheep!" he threw away whole chapters when he came to revise them. A writer should have a good editorial sense, an ability to view his own work with detachment, he says, or he will do a lot of futile writing.

His literary talent is frequently utilized in social and civic affairs. Whenever a "city creed", an appeal for something or other, or an "appreciation" of someone is to be put into words Meredith Nicholson's name is usually found to be at the bottom of it.

Ever kindly in his outlook on fellow humans and their work, Mr. Nicholson is ready with his lance when desirous of expressing an honest opinion on a subject. He had this to say the other day after reading a host of recent "reviews" of novels:

"The only reviewer who gives me pain is the lord of the high and lofty brow who is grieved because an author does not write the type of book that he, the learned reviewer, likes to read. I never quarrel with a critic, but I will not aid and abet him in the contumelious dismissal of tales which may be good in their kind without being criticism of life or something else that the critic fancies. I know something about American life, the extremes of rich and poor, business and politics, the general social trend, and I'm conceited enough to think myself capable of writing a seven-hundred-page novel that would be as grim and terrible as anything the Russians have done. I may tackle it some day, but just at present I feel no impulse to attempt it.

"The war with its vast consequences was realism lifted to its highest power. While we are adjusting ourselves to the new conditions, let us cultivate the art of being cheerful."

Without being a male "Pollyanna", Mr. Nicholson usually lightens his letters with a leaven of cheer which exemplifies his own creed of helping to make "all human beings comfortable and happy". But his optimism is natural and not affected, a characteristic thoroughly appreciated by all who come within its charm.

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THE LONDONER

Skits on Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Others—Portraiture and Parody in Novels—Imitation: a Jacobean Ghost—Cicely Hamilton—Bertrand Russell in China—More Travelers—The Hawthornden Prize Again—A Life of Dostoyevsky—Squeamishness in Relatives, and the Difficulties of the Biographer.

LONDON, *August* 1, 1920.

The other month I wrote about Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Rhoda Broughton, and gave examples of the way in which the latter used the lives of her contemporaries as matter for fiction, and of the several lampoons composed upon the manner of the former by later novelists and playwrights. This paragraph has produced a most interesting letter from a correspondent. The writer alludes to Arnold Bennett's skit in "The Honeymoon", which, he says, "one can never forget". He proceeds: "But do you remember Hichens's picture in an early volume of short stories called 'The Black Spaniel'? I found it in a seaside library, and there at any rate it seemed full of chuckles. Then there is Mallock's 'The Individualist', with the preface expressing the author's pained surprise at being even suspected of doing a portrait of Mrs. Ward. But I'm inclined to think that the most curious of all is in a novel by a less famous writer, Mrs. George de Horne Vaisey if I can trust my memory. She gives you a sham Mrs. Ward. A girl from the country greedy for celebrities is solemnly presented by a mischievous friend to a stately dame at a garden party. The little scene is quite well done, and the supposed Mrs. Ward plays up all right. I wonder whether the next generation of novelists are being 'skitted' like that by irreverent contemporaries."

* * * *

The possibilities opened by this letter are enormous. When I grasped them, I shuddered at the chance that we were surrounded by "chiels" taking notes. Imagine! Wells has often enough presented himself in the guise of "little Wilkins, the novelist"—see, in particular, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman". He has also been merciless, as, in earlier times, were Disraeli and Trollope, in his caricatures of persons of importance in their day, and persons of less importance. He has even brought to bear his satirical pen upon men of a generation younger than his own. But I know of only one portrait of Wells in a work by another writer, and this was a kindly picture, and no satire. Bennett was once pictured in a musical comedy, under the name of "Mr. Benn". Gilbert Cannan has set various people by the ears by telling about them or their forebears in works of fiction, in such a way that the originals are plain for all to see. Mackenzie has mischievously portrayed ridiculous people with a toe in

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the literary world. But nobody, to my knowledge, has gone to the novelists for material in the way that older persons have gone to Mrs. Ward. The reason is perhaps that the young ones are all writing about themselves, and cannot see the wood for the trees. Cannan, more than any other, has used real people as models; and Cannan himself has been depicted in unflattering terms. But on the whole portraits are used more for serious than satirical purposes, and this of course makes them less amusing to the ordinary reader, although the originals become for some reason personally more ferocious toward the artist at whose hands they have suffered.

I do not know anything about the ethics of the business, but I do not think there are many serious portraits which are successful in giving the reality of real persons. On the whole the man who is made into a character loses his vitality in the process. If he appears once or twice, all is well, and his superficial traits may be preserved. If, however, an attempt is made to give him more than external treatment, the result is most often something which is neither like nor vivid. My own belief is that when the novelist goes to an actual original the created character is nothing at all. How could he be anything? The essence of creation is original impulse, and observed traits are a hindrance rather than a help. They get in the way. They lead to cramp and caricature (involuntary). Real caricature is another matter, and it is in real caricature that we seem to be weak at present.

I will reveal the reason. Mrs. Ward was the last of the "serious" serious novelists. Her successors, although truly serious in relation to the things that matter, are not so seriously serious. They are not serious when it comes to contemplation of themselves. They may be conceited, but self-laughter is one of the habits of our age. One cannot imagine Mrs. Ward caricaturing herself. She was too "serious". But Wells has often enough made fun, sometimes wistful fun, of himself; and Bennett has been enjoying himself ever since he began to write. He is the hero of all his lighter books, although he may have drawn all the heroes different, as Fielding drew the two landladies. It is Bennett's spirit that informs Denry and the others. He is a humorist who enjoys the spectacle of himself cheering up the world. Most of the younger novelists of any account can make fun of themselves. It is one of their good traits. When one can ridicule oneself there is no need for anybody else to take up the task. One reason why Mrs. Ward gave her irreverent juniors so much wicked delight is that she always acted in the most perfect good faith, and without any humor whatsoever. She thus, in the vulgar phrase, "asked for it".

* * * *

This seriousness is what opens the way alike to caricature and to parody. How many of our modern writers lend themselves to parody? Very few. Take the masterly "Christmas Garland" of Max Beerbohm, for example. It is quite true that the skit on Bennett is a huge lark; but if one thinks about it one realizes that it is less a parody than a delightful imitation. Bennett might himself have written it. The parodies of Wells and Conrad do not seem to me to come off at all. They do not make us laugh. Henry James, on the other hand, as he belongs to an earlier generation, is easy to make fun of in a perfectly gentle way such as Max always employs. His

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phrases, his circumambulatory method of expression, are both of the true stuff for parody. The same applies to Meredith and to George Moore, the skits upon whom are things to be relished with pure delight. I cannot imagine parodies as exquisite of our young intellectuals. They are all said to write alike, and once their preoccupation with adolescence is exploited there remains but the ghost of a gesture. Solemn gesture is the thing for the parodist to seize. Without it, no amount of facetiousness will avail.

Imitation is another matter. Probably no writer has so lent himself to imitation as Henry James. He eats into the style of so many of our modern writers that his influence is about the most obvious thing to be noticed in the work of many writers who deal with adventures of the mind and spirit instead of adventures of the body. Edith Wharton is much more than an imitation: she has practically recreated the James method. Something the same might be said of another American woman novelist, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, who has just experimented with a spirit yarn in "The Third Window", and is to follow this with an ingenious series of "flower" stories in the same manner, under the title of "Autumn Crocuses". What is still more remarkable is the sudden emergence of Jacobean style in "Lucas Malet's" new novel, "The Tall Villa", which has stirred London by its real ability and the astonishing effort of its publishers in calling it "Lucas Malet's new creepy story". In this, the ghost talks unmistakable James. He goes the length of remarking, "I very uniquely love you." No ghost not nurtured on Henry James could possibly talk like that. He says elsewhere: "I do not return here because I inevitably and rather horribly must." You can see that he is a very superior ghost indeed. I inevitably and rather horribly must say as much. To such lengths will a steady reading of James bring any ghost (or novelist). I do not pretend to say whether the ghosts or the novelists are wrong. I merely record the fact.

* * * *

By the way, I have learned that an English novel of distinction is being published in America with some éclat, under the title "William—an Englishman". This book attracted a good deal of attention here on its publication. It is the work of Cicely Hamilton, and Cicely Hamilton is far too remarkable a woman to be passed over in this causerie. She has had a very various career, and I am glad to learn that the book received a twenty-thousand-franc prize, even though the francs, converted into English or American money, must have shrunk to a smaller sum than one would at first suppose. (How splendid, by the way, francs always sound in computation of large sums of money; and what an asset they always were to Balzac in his dazzling array of figures!) I first heard of Cicely Hamilton in connection with the suffrage agitation. But she then had a real theatrical success with a play on the "living-in" system which used to be, and may still be, a disgrace to our English drapery stores. The play was called "Diana of Dobson's" and it had a run and a literary success as well. There followed novels of less importance; and then the author made a genuine hit in the part of the lugubrious lady in "Fanny's First Play" who says that happiness must come from within. It was a fine study, sincere and restrained. A war book came next, not a novel, and I remember seeing it enthusiastically reviewed in "The Ob-

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server" by, I think, George Moore. "William—an Englishman" was published within the last year or so, and is on a different plane from anything hitherto attempted by Miss Hamilton. It is a steady-sighted and a pitiless book.

Miss Hamilton had a good deal of war experience. It led her to fresh conclusions. She was the observer of a whole group of women in the war zone, and her own experiences were thrilling. She had a very singular opportunity of comparing the behavior of the two sexes in times of great stress. Whether her views were at all modified I cannot say (I mean in relation to the suffrage), but she certainly was a witness to some of the levity with which women behaved in the course of the great trial. One thing she definitely observed, and that was the greater insensibility to danger of women. During air raids, for example, when death was very near, it was the men who were most affected, most exhausted by the strain. With them courage was far more a matter of will. I record this, not because it has a literary interest, but because I think it is a testimony to the impartiality of Miss Hamilton, whose freedom from prejudice seems to be a noble and invigorating thing.

* * * *

Warfare and revolutions stain the world. But the spirit of curiosity is insatiable. I hear that our foremost philosopher, Bertrand Russell, not content with an examination of conditions in Soviet Russia (which has changed his view on Bolshevik government, as he has been candidly recording in "The Nation"), is now on his way to another disturbed area—China. China is drawing all our talents to the east, and Russell is to lecture in Peking. I suppose he will lecture on mathematics. Meanwhile, a new book of his, a very important book, will be published some time this year or next. It is a searching study of mental processes, based upon a series of lectures recently delivered in London. The title is "The Analysis of Mind".

* * * *

Reference to foreign climes reminds me that our writers are still going abroad for their local color. Brett Young, now resident in Capri, is at work upon a new novel of extraordinary adventure. It is full of strong meat, and is likely to realize the dream he has had ever since he wrote "The Crescent Moon", of writing a real "shocker". Such news fills me with anticipations. But besides this Brett Young is set on a new form of art altogether—nothing less than a triptych of tales dealing with emotional episodes in the life of women. It is a scene which will offer plenty of scope to his talent and it may well produce something noteworthy. He intends proceeding shortly to Zululand. Thus we see that there are still many continents for the more vigorous writers of our day to explore. We need never fear that adventure, or the spirit of adventure, is dead, for where there is the will to find new fields there must be the essential energy to conquer them in the realm of letters. A nice little drama of Zululand, written by one who has always shown a taste for literature as a living exercise, holds all the riches of life. For Brett Young agrees with the dwarf in Grimm's Tales, quoted so appositely on the title-page of Conrad's "Youth", who said that something human was dearer to him than all the wealth of the Orient. It is not as though we are likely to lose a novelist in the painter of fresh woods and pastures new. More power to the author who has the

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courage to step outside of the domestic interior and take his life in both hands for the sake of his art.

I have already said that Mackenzie is going to the South Seas on just such an exploit. What is not so generally known is that he will be accompanied by Eric Brett Young, the brother of the novelist, himself a writer of talent, and in fact a collaborator in his brother's "first novel". Eric Brett Young collaborated also in a critical study of Robert Bridges, but since then the two brothers have worked upon separate lines. They are extremely unlike in appearance and character, and most of Eric's work has been critical. He may still emerge as a creative writer, and then we should indeed have an interesting comparison to make between the two.

* * * *

Since I last wrote, the Hawthornden prize for the most notable piece of creative work of the year has been presented for the second time. Much innocent heart-burning has thus been allayed. I believe I prognosticated that the prize would go to the "Poems" of John Freeman. It has done so. It was presented to Mr. Freeman by Gilbert Murray, who spoke, suggestively enough, of the reassurance the recipient would feel in days of gloom when he recalled that a book of his had been so crowned. I notice in "The Athenæum" a pertinent inquiry as to the exact scope of the prize. It has twice been given to a poetical work, and all that has been written in prose has, it would appear, been ignored. "The Athenæum" suggests that Virginia Woolf's novel, "Night and Day", was more deserving than the "Poems" of Mr. Freeman of the prize. At least it would be good if the question could be settled. I was told of one author who asked if he had won the prize. He was informed of my dictum. His remark in reply was so singular that I cannot print it here. When I heard of this episode I immediately asked why my own most recent work had not been honored. This young man's answer to my question was still more singular (but printable). He said: "Oh, but he's too successful." All the same, that answer has in itself one very definite point. One consideration which the judges must always bear in mind is precisely this.

It is not sentimental to suggest that if two writers are of equal merit (supposing such a thing can be conceived, when merit is so loose a term to cover different manifestations, even in the same genre, of creative talent), the prize should be given to the one of them most in need of the money, or the one whose circumstances would make him the more appreciative of its financial aspect. I feel sure that the prize was never intended for anybody who would put the hundred pounds into his bank and forget that it was there. Nobody, therefore, imagined that it would go to any of our much boomed young novelists. There is, however, a sensible body of novelists who do not earn their keep, and it would have been nice to see one of this band receive, not only the money, but the fillip which one supposes the honor of this prize to give to any writer who wins it. But perhaps there is no such fillip? I can remember that the Polignac prize was given first of all to Walter de la Mare for his book "The Return". A friend of mine who recently bought that strange and delightful book was amazed to find that the copy he received was still one of the first edition. Can it be that the general public takes no notice of such awards? If so, it is very hard, because while I do not believe the usual

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tales of languishing merit, it is quite certain that many good writers find it difficult to get a large hearing, and some of them may be discouraged from the pursuit of their ambition by the meagre monetary returns. I can think of one or two women novelists, for instance, who have had a really hard struggle, and at least one of these, of quite respectable gifts, has recently declared her intention of abandoning the effort. She may be right, but I believe she is wrong. A certain amount of application is necessary to the writer who would achieve success, but given application, I seem to notice success coming to all sorts of second-rate writers.

Well, there is the question. If a prize is merely an honor recognized by a few hundred people, and if it has no volitional or galvanic power, the value of the prize is diminished. If it is a hundred pounds it should go to the persons who can best appreciate a hundred pounds. But both these circumstances disappoint me in a way, because it seems to me that they make the whole affair too local. I am not questioning the deserts of Mr. Freeman, although I find his enormous book of poems profoundly depressing in its want of lightness; and I do not object to the disappointment of those who thought they had performed works of such surpassing merit as to be deserving of the prize. What disappoints me is the fear that the prize-winner may not benefit as distinctly as such honor ought to enable him to do (at least one distinguished writer of my acquaintance had never heard of the Hawthornden prize), and, in this instance, the feeling that it is a pity that it should for the second time have been given to a work of poetry. In saying that I must admit that I know of no work of fiction specially deserving of the prize—unless it be Catherine Carswell's "Open the Door" —and no work at all to which I would myself have given a prize. But then I would never give a prize for any book.

Prizes are for the encouragement of good work. I find that in the case of the Hawthornden prize no thought of good work has occurred to the minds of the younglings who think they should have been crowned. They have just turned out what they would ordinarily have written, and have then fixed greedy eyes upon an additional bonus. This is not as it should be. Of Mr. Freeman's disinterestedness I have absolutely no doubt; and it is therefore not unfair that one who has persistently followed his own course, and has met until recently with neglect, should have a prize. I wish his work were less solemn, that it were less dull; but if these defects are inseparable from poetic sincerity, then it is better that one who has genuinely worked, with a kind of distinction, for the love of his art, should score off all his more facile and ambitious rivals. We may be sure that in poetry at any rate the judges have taken all likely works into consideration. I do not observe on the committee the name of one whose opinion of a novel is practical. But if the prize is to be given to a work of poetic value I cannot conceive who have a better right to judge than those who form the committee.

* * * *

A new biography of Dostoyevsky has been written by the great novelist's daughter. It is written in French, but has not yet been published in that language. Oddly enough, it makes its first appearance in German, and is issued in the first instance both in Germany and Switzerland. Arrangements have been made for an

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English version, and while the book is composed in a simple style which approaches baldness, it has the merit of being based upon actual knowledge. In any case, it is bound to be a most useful aid to the coming English or American biographer, and it may have on its own account considerable value.

* * * *

Biography is a curious kind of writing. Very rarely is it the work of people of imagination and insight. Far too seldom. No branch of letters calls for more understanding, and yet we are fobbed off again and again with the serious and discreet efforts of men and women who never, in an imaginative sense, get anywhere near the mentality of their subjects. One recent biography had the further disadvantage of being rejected by one publisher on the ground that it did not make a sufficiently obvious hero of its subject. The book was thought immoral, because it was truthful. It had further to be postponed for years (when it found a publisher who was not too squeamish) in order that the two sisters of the subject might be allowed to die without having their equanimity ruffled by any of the disclosures made in its pages. Truly, the biographer has no easy time. I have heard that Mr. Gosse's "Father and Son", although written some time before publication, was held up for reasons not altogether dissimilar. What a strange thing it is that we have not yet reached a comprehension of the fact that men are men, and not the idols of our dreams. My own biography will never be written. I am glad of it. I could not bear to think of the strange abortion I should appear in its pages, with all my wickedness softened and omitted lest some surviving relative should be shocked at the revelation of my natural weaknesses. I wonder how some of our leaders will fare. In the case of a biography of a leading politician, published within his lifetime, the subject was so shocked at the candid use of the material supplied by himself that he withdrew his patronage from the book, which thereafter had to be written out of the author's head, was undocumented, and became steadily less flattering as a result, though less destructive in self-disclosure.

SIMON PURE

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ON CERTAIN BOOKS OF THE FALL

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

Associate Editor of the Literary Review, New York Evening Post

IT must seem worthy of remark, to anyone who has followed the book seasons recently, that the past summer showed no such perceptible slackening in publishers' efforts as has heretofore been characteristic. There would seem to be a tendency to extend what has formerly been thought of as the spring season into the summer and, on the other hand, to start the fall season, so-called, earlier than usual. This development is decidedly interesting. Probably certain months will always remain better periods in which to sell books, but the lines of demarcation are growing much less sharp. A brisk, all-year-round interest in books would appear to be a not impossible future situation in the United States. And this is the goal, certainly, toward which the recent national campaign of book advertising projected by the book trade, is aiming with its new organizations.

During August a number of important books appeared. Nexö's novel, the first of what is to be, I understand, a four-volume work of fiction, "Ditte: Girl Alive", may be taken as an example of the type of book that has somewhat antedated its ordinary season. "Atlantida", Pierre Benoit's novel to which the French Academy awarded the Grand Prix du Roman, appeared in translation at the end of July. These are fair illustrations.

But naturally the reading public will display a quickened interest in books with the approach of less enervating weather and the return from vacations. In glancing over what the publishers promise for the fall, with an inclusion of some books that will have appeared before this article does, the prospect is most interesting. It is impossible to be at all comprehensive in such an article as this, but if we can loiter through the fall catalogues as through a shop, among shelves where the books mentioned (we will imagine) are already displayed, we may gain a little clearer idea of what is offered and analyze some general tendencies as well as turn over the leaves of particular volumes.

We are bound to find the section devoted to psychic and spiritist literature considerably expanded. Interest in psychic books was one of the most outstanding results of the war and they flooded the market during the past spring and early summer. And still they come. They range from the most pathetic maunderings and sentimental drivel to the most sincere and interesting personal experiences and summaries of research. The discussion of life after death, or the opposite, is

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being approached by every type of mind capable of putting thought into printed words, or so it would seem. The ouija board and the scientific laboratory alike furnish material for infinite discussion.

And here, in the alcove of biography, reminiscences of Victorian England have been numerous. Some recent publications have included the lives of such persons as Lord Sandwich, Lady Dorothy Neville, W. H. Mallock, and essays such as those in "Portraits of the Eighties" concerning Parnell, Gladstone, Swinburne and Burne-Jones. Now we are promised many more volumes covering a far wider range, from Goethe to Andrew Carnegie—and, geographically, from Venizelos to Bojer. Then, of course, there is Opal Whitely!

Loitering on in our preliminary survey, we find the name of Ireland much to the fore in the shelves given over to books on international affairs. And the discussion of the world after the war shows no slackening. Books on Russia and Bolshevism continue to make their appearance, picturing the significance of the latest developments from a great many different points of view. A few books on post-war Germany also attract attention.

The writing on the war has now passed into the stage where records by the leaders, both military and civil, are most in demand. Admiral Jellicoe's very recent book is a case in point. And the war may be said to have turned our minds to a more analytical study of our country's future; for in the educational section are evident many studies of educational methods and a great abundance of new text-books, and, in the field of economics, many thorough discussions of our industrial fabric, of unionism, wages, what the workers want and what new adjustments and improvements our national future demands of our economic system.

Such are the outstanding features of the more "solid reading" sections. Turning to the fiction counters there is evident a large proportion of detective and mystery stories and tales of adventure. The war, in general, if used at all, is used rather as a background than as the main feature of these romances. And the introduction of the war, even as background, is perceptibly lessening. Translations from foreign novels continue numerous.

Poetry flowers in as great variety as it did even during the war. Most of the leading poets of America are represented in the fall book lists, and this is also true of the leading novelists. Our few best essayists seem to have been no less diligent and playwrights make a respectable showing with new dramas.

So, having accomplished a very general preliminary inspection, suppose we regard a few of the books more closely. To the average person, after all, the mention of "a book" usually conjures up a work of fiction. What is there worth our attention in this field? On closer inspection there seems to be quite a little. Running over the well-known names, here are books by May Sinclair, John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Anthony Hope, Sinclair Lewis, Henry Kitchell Webster, Stewart Edward White, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hergesheimer, Ethel M. Dell, James Branch Cabell, Donn Byrne, Margaret Deland, Holman Day, Mary Johnston, Compton Mackenzie, William Dean Howells (posthumous), Winston Churchill, Ernest Poole, Alice Brown, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ellen Glasgow, Wil-

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liam McFee, Harold MacGrath, and the late John Fox, Jr.

Some curious juxtapositions too! McFee and MacGrath—and what a gulf between. Floyd Dell's first novel of the Middle West and Ethel M. Dell, the indubitably popular, with another story. Posthumous novels by William De Morgan and Jack London, as far apart as the poles in technique; Ernest Poole's star of popularity waning and Basil King's rising; Edgar Lee Masters, the poet, aiming at the mark of Mark Twain in a boy story; and both the ladies bearing *Douglas* for their middle names, namely, Mrs. de Selincourt and Mrs. Riggs, presenting books with such strangely Will Carletonish titles as "Christmas Roses" and "Homespun Tales". Eden Phillpotts continues indefatigable, as does George Kibbe Turner. Cale Young Rice (the poet) joins his wife Alice Hegan Rice in ten stories of varied settings. J. C. Snaith and Stacy Aumonier jostle each other on the counter with Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Sir Gilbert Parker regards Beatrice Grimshaw somewhat as a mounted policeman of Canada might gaze at a flower-crowned damsel from the South Sea Islands. It is an abundant and picturesque medley. As for selecting six novels say, from this array, for my own delectation—let me see, I should take:

May Sinclair's "The Romantic", because of "Mary Olivier", her insight into the treacheries of the human heart and genuine gift of genius; "Mitch Miller" by Edgar Lee Masters, because this is sure to be no ordinary "poet's novel", but actual life presented through one of the most interesting minds in America; "One After Another" by Stacy Aumonier, because he writes some of the most interesting short stories with inimitable characteristic touches of tragedy and humor, and because he has gone the modern novelists one better here in including the story not of one generation of a family alone, but of several generations. I should take "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" by William McFee, because any book with McFee's name to it is sure to be well worth reading and putting away among one's treasures. I should take "The Old Man's Youth" by William De Morgan, because a fondness for De Morgan is like a fondness for mellow old wine—and we know where the mellow old wine has gone! And even De Morgan's worst has dialogue one would not miss and digressions that are a delight. And this may not be by any means his worst. For the sixth I should take Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf", because it is always worth while knowing what Floyd Dell is "up to" and he is usually "up to" something both brilliant and incisive. Incidentally, in my own humble opinion, he writes some of the most piquant criticism in America.

Such would be my own choice—but, mark you, the wealth of fall fiction is such that there will be "plenty to go round". Whatever others you choose—and don't overlook Seumas O'Kelly's Irish Stories or Willa Sibert Cather's "Youth and the Bright Medusa"—you are pretty sure to draw one prize, if the authors whose names have come to mean something to the reading public are still worth their salt.

So we come to poetry. Again a goodly array of names not without honor. Vachel Lindsay, to be sure, isn't here, though he is elsewhere—as Vachel usually is—with "The Golden Book of Springfield", and, whatever category you may put that in, anyone

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with an imagination should enjoy it. But here are Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Masefield, Grace Hazard Conkling, Louis Untermeyer, Robert Bridges, W. W. Gibson, Richard Le Gallienne and Sara Teasdale. Then there are the "Collected Poems" of Walter de la Mare, the third volume of Alfred Noyes's "Collected Poems", the Bolshevik poem "12" by Alexander Blok, and Conrad Aiken's "The House of Dust". Also a gentleman who must be nameless here, lest I be accused of whatever the fraternal equivalent is for nepotism, is the author of a volume with the entertaining title "Heavens and Earth", and Evelyn Scott is announced as the authoress of "Precipitations". The latter poet has published much in "The Dial" and is one of the very new experimenters. But her work is vigorous and, to me, most interesting in its very peculiarities.

I should choose—shall I repeat the formula again? Well, of course, I want de la Mare's collected work. There is a de la Mare thirst like the thirst for gin. (Once there was gin.) Whether he is merely de la Mare or transmogrified from his moonlit fairy wraith of himself into a regular de la Night mare, he is the magic poet of our generation. Before him—Coleridge. After him —?

John Masefield's "Right Royal", the story of a steeplechase and a noble horse, may or may not run neck and neck with "Reynard the Fox", but I want it. It is a question also whether it will outdistance his "The Hounds of Hell". But Reynard did—though scantily.

I want "The New Adam" by Louis Untermeyer because I believe he will survive a certain super-Pollyanna tendency in some of his work that irritates. He can probe deeply and his genius as a parodist will swing him away more and more from an occasionally too tiresome exuberance. As a craftsman he can be consummate and his mind throngs with ideas.

And naturally I want Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Three Taverns" —to keep. It contains, among other riches, "London Bridge", which is a great novel in itself. That is, it becomes so on the third reading and remains so ever after. On the first reading it is a mystery story. The mystery is the revolver, not the children's singing. But it becomes crystal clear. And the "Valley of the Shadow" is a sympathetic and ironic masterpiece.

I want "Domesday Book" by Edgar Lee Masters. The title intrigues, the thought, if not the poetry, is bound to be valuable. And so home with one other volume I shall not reveal because of certain reasons already stated, and a decided bias in favor of the author who used to read "Peck's Bad Boy" and be followed about by a curly brown dog.

And here we are at drama. But do I read drama? Well, I should like to read "Pawns" by John Drinkwater and that wonder play, "The Dragon", by Lady Gregory. There's another Lincoln play, also—speaking of Drinkwater—"The Man of the People" by Thomas Dixon who gave us moving pictures of the Ku Klux Klan. Edna Ferber and Newman Levy's "$1200 a Year" looks amusing. But I must pass on.

In belles-lettres, essays, and so on, we have a second series of "Prejudices" by H. L. Mencken. Wrap it up! And put with it those newly discovered *disjecta membra* of Walt Whitman, "Gathering the Forces", which John Black of the Brooklyn "Eagle" discovered with quivers of exultation in the old files of that paper. "The

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Art of Reading" by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch must go along too, and "Everyday Americans" by Henry Seidel Canby, because I want his opinion on what the war has left of the American mind. Sometimes it seems as if it had left so little, but that is doubtless "abnormalcy". How John Burroughs accepts the universe might be interesting also, and Agnes Repplier can say clever things,—doubtless does in her "Points of Friction". Here is George Santayana reminiscing on William James and Josiah Royce and academic life in America, while Barrett Wendell contributes "The Traditions of European Literature". Clayton Hamilton on the stage may be better than Bliss Perry on poetry. And there is also Odell's book on Shakespeare on the London stage from 1660 to the heyday of Irving and Tree. Samuel McChord Crothers has a pleasing title for his undoubtedly charming papers in "The Dame School of Experience", and the last essays of the famous "Dean of American Letters" offer us unique commentary upon the American scene. Last, but not least, Marian Storm's "Minstrel Weather". So we return to the war and the world and all that.

Hm-m! Well, naturally, Wells's new world history, first and foremost. I shall devote to it my winter evenings. Anything on flying by Captain James Norman Hall is sure to be both accurate and vivid. Therefore I lean to his history, with Charles Bernard Nordhoff, of the Lafayette Escadrille. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's "Shadow Shapes" will certainly be of more immediate value to me than Marshal Foch's works on the technique of war, and Israel Zangwill ought to be worth hearing on the Jewish question in connection with international relations. But Arthur Sweetser on "The League of Nations at Work" is, after all, of more immediate concern to me. As for histories, there's Colonel Repington, John Bach McMaster, and so on. But the great history of the war has not yet been written. Von Hindenburg's "Memories of My Life" is however one of the most unique human documents.

Here are so many letters and diaries and lives, with William Roscoe Thayer's "The Art of Biography" to furnish us with comparative examples of this choicest form of history from biblical times to the present day. First, the two volumes of the "Letters of William James" I covet; then James Gibbons Huneker's two-volume autobiography, "Steeplejack". And the cycle of Adams letters and Henry Adams's letters to a niece! You can read what either John Drinkwater or Carl Schurz, in a new edition, says of Lincoln. I'd like to have Carl Gad's life of the great Norwegian novelist, Johan Bojer. I don't want Henry Cabot Lodge's "Life of George Washington", though it is doubtless "correct" and dignified. The "Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie" I should have read before this, and must put aside for that purpose. The concluding volumes of Buckle and Monypenny's "Disraeli" I haven't yet read either—and must. Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Crowding Memories" would tell me something of the author of some pleasantly oriental poems I have always liked, and of "The Story of a Bad Boy" which is second only to Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn being out of reach of either, of course. "Day Before Yesterday", by Maitland Armstrong, edited by his daughter, halts me by its title and as these reminiscences cover his social and artistic associations both here and in Europe, some delightful reading is promised. Lives of the Editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal"

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and of Joseph Choate—though the latter is by E. S. Martin—do not pull me so strongly, but Joseph Bucklin Bishop's two-volume life of Roosevelt contains some unpublished letters that, I suppose, one ought to read.

In history I will be eccentric and pick John G. Neihardt's "The Splendid Wayfaring". It's about the discoveries and explorers of the great Central route from the Missouri to the Pacific, but surely the point is that Neihardt so vivifies his pioneers. He himself has been a modern explorer and, being a poet, his perceptions are sharpened to complete cognizance of the actual adventurousness of adventure—perceptions most explorers lack. And here is Kermit Roosevelt's account of the hunting expedition he made with his father, and Edith Wharton writing of a motor trip through Morocco. I will choose Mrs. Wharton, but you may not. The Kaiser's letters to the Czar do not interest me particularly; "The Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier" cause me to pause for only a few moments, though you may want them. But the authorized biography of Adelina Patti I will have wrapped up. She remains the fairy-tale prima donna forever and ever.

There remain philosophy and political and social science and children's books. Volumes by Henri Bergson, Einstein, John Dewey, Harold J. Laski, James Bryce, Herbert Croly, Stephen Graham are sure to be worth having. Personally, I should be especially interested in Croly's "The Breach in Civilization" and Bergson's "Mind-Energy". Merejkowski's "The Menace of the Mob" also attracts me because I should like to hear such a splendid novelist as the delineator of Peter the Great on contemporary Russia.

I don't know exactly how to class Vernon Kellogg's "Nuova the New Bee" and Carl Van Vechten's "The Tiger in the House", but I fain would live in "a bee-loud (and cat-loud) glade" with these two books, though I think I should prefer the cats.

André Tridon ought to be worth while on psychoanalysis, though I'm afraid I should yawn over Raymond B. Fosdick on our police system.

Among the children's books it seems to be Padraic Colum leading, in genuine literature, by a wide margin.

Now, by the extent of my omissions and the whole realms I have only skirted the bare coasts of, shall you judge of the great richness of the fall book offerings. When the season is in full stream with Christmas rapidly approaching, it will be even more Herculean a task to number the flood as it rushes past, but I have only attempted to point to a few sunbursts on the surface.

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MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

ST. LOUIS, *September*, 1920.

I HAD met in Indianapolis the trail of young Walpole; in St. Louis I again came upon the tracks of his recent clipping about over here. Was to be put up while in the city by some people living rather remote from the centre of things. Couldn't make it out there and back in time for his lecture the night of his arrival. So they, persons having his doings in hand, switched him for his makeup to a home nearer his stage. Now this household consisted solely of women, though of that he was in no way advised. "How then", exclaimed Mrs. Booker, "could he have known, and instantly, what he did!"

Had lost his dress-shirt "studs", dire predicament! Because, glancing quickly about, "You wouldn't, of course, have anything like that here."

Mrs. Booker: "Yes; but what could have told him that there was not a father, or a brother if not a husband about here? Oh, no; he knew it right off!"

* * * *

Interesting case—Father Wilbur's Roosevelt sonnet sequence stunt. Never before had felt the impulse to write anything. "Kind of a fit," he declared, suddenly took hold of him. Worked like fury at the things until they were "finished", or rather, he added, until he was "through" with them. No desire since to write. Doubted much whether he would ever have again.

A very engaging thing, that, a very engaging thing, indeed; Father Wilbur's attitude toward writing. Sound, sensible, wholesome, upright idea. Man doesn't care a rap whether he writes or not. Most of the people in the world, as well as I can make out, are unable to rid themselves of a peculiar notion that there is some reason why they should try to "write". What is it, this mysterious property possessed by "writing", this (apparently universal) magnetic quality exercised by the thing? Everybody doesn't spend his evenings studying to be an acrobat. Does he? And she? And that, certainly, I confess to regarding as presenting the effect of a highly exhilarating occupation.

Have I not for years as publishers' reader and magazine reader been "fed up" with appeals from persons innumerable, all apparently coveting beyond all other satisfactions in life the prospect of getting something "published"? Have I not in the exercise of my profession repeatedly experienced the attempts of young women of excellent standing to "pull" on me all sorts of sex appeal in their endeavor to enflame in their behalf the editorial judgment? Did I not, shortly before the start of my present travels, receive overtures of the following humorous circumstances?

A gentleman, and (I hope) a Christian, novelist of large sales and admirable literary reputation, poet of talent, playwright of more than con-

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siderable success, unknown to me personally, writes me a letter; professes for me enormous esteem. Declares there is not known to him by fame anyone he should so much desire to cultivate meeting. It appeared that his wife was quite one with him in these sentiments. Could I not be available to them one evening soon, very soon, for dinner? And by the way, his wife had recently become a poet, had just written a number of poems of remarkable power, acknowledged to be this by all their friends. Having to do, in a way, with magazine editing, perhaps I'd be interested in seeing several of these, which he enclosed. Conclusion of letter: "One poem, one dinner."

Well, I wish to insert here in this book what might be called a "reading notice", to this effect: I accepted this proposal in good faith; took more than one of the poems; and have as yet heard nothing further concerning this dinner. Also, though that perhaps is a matter a bit beside the point, I liked the poems, actually and more than a little.

"Starring the country, then, as celebrated editor and author" (that, naturally, was the way my press-agent matter went out): comes round a lady to my hotel, in her own car—woman of means and social position. Now there is a great deal of secrecy about this thing. I am the very person she has been wanting for years to find. You see, she has a manuscript, on which she has spent a great deal of toil. (It develops that this manuscript is several thousand pages in length, typed single space and with practically no margins.) She could not bring herself to submit it to a publishing house until she had received some "friendly, expert" advice upon it. She cannot *begin* to tell me how *very* much she appreciates my very great kindness, given to a stranger, and busy as I am, and all that; but she *knows* I will not refuse to look it over. What she *really* wants to know is whether she is "wasting her time with her writing". Or whether she "ought to persevere in it". Now I'll be *perfectly frank*, won't I?

An easy enough question, that, to answer. Take the word of H. G. Wells for it. He says somewhere (in effect) that the most remarkable thing about the writing bug is that you can't kill it with a club. Take Meredith Nicholson's word for it, as delivered across one of the tables of the very pretty and quite new little hotel of his town, the Lincoln: that no one can "teach" another the art of writing, beyond imparting a few conventions of construction, and they are dangerous things, too; that if anyone really has the writing instinct he finds his way in the darkest alley, and nothing short of death can stop him from writing. Or take my word for it: that if nature has made you a writer (which, however, I regard as highly unlikely) you are wiser in your own conceit than twenty men who can render a reason why you are wasting your time.

Came another lady to my hotel. A third did press me by telephone. Several by letter. Manuscripts all had they. And the matter was urgent.

* * * *

I sat in the front row awaiting my turn. Nearest to me among the speakers for the day were Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, a native of Connecticut, associated in his career as editor and librarian with various publications and libraries, editor of the scientific department of "The Literary Digest" since 1891, Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library since 1919, and author

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of several books; and Percival Chubb, born in England, twice president of the Drama League of America, and a writer of much accomplishment in the field of ethics and religion. I was at my new studies. I remember a number of years ago to have seen Albert J. Beveridge leave his chair as though it were a catapult suddenly brought into action upon him as its missile, shoot his cuffs at the audience, and split into a roar: "THIS TIME FAIR PLAY WINS!" I recall that I marveled at the electric effect of this line on his hearers. His argument did not strike me as compelling. Certainly, it reads simple enough.

And there, I came to see with some clearness when I entered upon a professional interest in public speaking—and there you are! A thing may read beautifully, and it won't talk, or "speak" at all. Conversely, a man (if he is skilled in the manner of doing it) can spout with very fair success, and even more than very fair success, a rigmarole which a self-respecting compositor would be ashamed to set. Did I not but the afternoon before listen in this hall to as arrant a conglomeration of inane "bromidions" as ever was lifted in one lot from the "exchange columns" of newspapers?

Just to show you what is possible in this world, though I should not have believed it possible, I'll retell one of this speaker's witticisms. His little daughter's playmate across the street said to her: "My papa is a lawyer, what is yours?"

His own little child: "Oh! my papa is a poet."

The other: "Yes, I know that. But what does he do for a living?"

Nobody egged him, this humorist; no, he arose on his toes; smiled blandly, sublime in confidence in the security of his effect; and bowed with arrogant modesty to a hearty hand. I got to like the fellow, rather, myself. When he had dumped his whole stock of canned goods on us, I heard a man to the rear of me exclaim: "I say, he's some whirlwind!"

* * * *

The speakers today were not of the "whirlwind" sort. While I felt that they did not fail to command respect, I could not perceive that they were nearly so much enjoyed. Admirable, in particular (to my mind) was Dr. Bostwick, in the march of his thought. His subject: "Socializing the Library." But—perhaps he was not "all there" in readiness of tact for the occasion.

This whole show, you remember, "Author's Week" as the program entitled it, was in celebration of the opening of a new, and a large and handsome, bookstore in St. Louis. And, naturally, it was staged with the object of at once establishing a clientele. . . it was designed as a flying start in the business of selling books, at this store. Our distinguished, and admirably disinterested, librarian was thinking rather of reading books; that is, of the commerce of the mind, and how best this business should be conducted. And throughout the elaboration of his theme ran the refrain that it was not necessary to own a book physically in order to possess it with the mind, that even a few great books sufficed to educate a man, that it was not wise for one to clutter up his house with all the new books that came out, that if one had a desire to keep abreast of all that was the talk of the hour let him come to the library and take out these volumes, and then let him buy in the course of the year the few of them which he was assured his spirit required to abide with him. An eloquent discourse, sound in wind and limb—

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and applauded with enthusiasm by the large company of potential book buyers which had been so skilfully assembled there.

* * * *

I am very eager to go out and have that interview I promised myself with William Marion Reedy.

But it really would seem that I ought first to give my own lecture, everybody being here and everything. I have got hold of at least one of the prime tricks of the trade...you long since will have perceived that I am very naive in this matter. As I am in all that I write. And, indeed, that is art...the simple mind, courageous in its simplicity; the innocent eye receiving the world as though no eye had ope'd upon it before.

I had got hold of the knowledge that "lecturing", at least in one of its aspects, is much easier than writing or painting. I mean, of course, that every time you write something, an article, an essay, a poem or a book, or sculpture something, or paint something, you "gotta" go and create something; construct and complete something you never got away with before; something new, never was in the world before, that thing, whether good or no good. But (so to say) once you have your little lecture doped out you can go on shootin' it all over the lot. "Not at all!" interrupts Dr. Richard Burton, the veteran lecturer (and professor and author) rising: "Every time you face an audience you have a new audience. And let me tell you, that means a new appeal is, as you would say, up to you."

"And", cries out Mr. Heckler, "what about music? Do you think because a musician plays over and over again the same composition he does not each time expend the energy of recreating the spirit of it?"

As I was saying, I now know what every lecturer knows: that you can kill any number of birds with one stone. And had I not a theme of indisputable universal interest—HOW TO SUCCEED AS AN AUTHOR? So I began as I had begun before:

"I am frequently asked one question. And that is, how to attain to success in literature. I suppose I am asked this because I am such a successful author. (Applause.) As last winter, you know, I published two books in one day: one in the forenoon and the other shortly after lunch. (Titters.)

"Now some people say that this is a question that cannot be answered—that no one can tell another how to become a successful writer. But that idea is a fallacy. I can tell you in six words how to attain to success in literature. (Breathless excitement throughout the house.)

"The matter is a very simple one. Though for about twenty years I lived in poverty and was kicked all over the lot because I did not know the secret. Then suddenly I found it, the key. The way to do the trick is this:

"By the exercise of sufficient political sagacity you attain a job as editor of a first-rate magazine and literary adviser to a flourishing publishing house...and then you accept all your own stuff. (Dismay in audience.)

"I'll take anything that I write." (Laughter and cheers.)

* * * *

I don't know whether or not Catholic Fathers are subject to traffic regulations. What I have in mind is this—or, at any rate, this is the way I am coming to it.

Doubtless, you were much struck by the startling alteration in appearance a year or so ago, of "The Queen's Work". You will recall that formerly

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your copies of this magazine published by the Jesuit Fathers had that curious effect to the eye of being a Sunday School paper published sometime about the early 'forties. Suddenly revolutionized in format, it sprang forth with all the snap and modernity of "The Saturday Evening Post". It is, you know, my friend, Reverend Edward F. Garesché, S.J., who is the editor—or, at least, who was for long, until he sailed the other day for a year's meditation in Europe.

A Borrovian literary chronicle such as this, ranging through St. Louis—a deuce of a thing 'twould be to leave out of it Father Garesché, author for a number of years of an average of four books (devotional books) a year, this year seven.

A bland young man (somewhat short of "middle life"), in whose amiable and estimable character I had, from the outset of our acquaintance, always reposed the utmost confidence (until this experience), he took me in his "tin Lizzie" (the tinnest "tin Lizzie" I ever saw!) for a spin about the city. 'Atta fierce animal, I tell you, that "Lizzie" of his! She never pauses (as far as I can recollect) for three hours. She would leap into the air, and come down with the sound of a large can of nails crashing to the pavement from aloft. She switched round corners on one leg. Would point her nose toward the ground, then rear on her hind feet. It seems to me I have heard motorists talk about "the right of way"; my dear Father Garesché (if he had ever heard of the thing) apparently assumed that the Lord had given it always to him. And smiling away like a house afire, he never left off discussing the merits of religion, our common friends, and St. Louis, all the while.

* * * *

Yes, I forgot; once we stopped, at St. Louis University. I think I felt it, or at least something of it: its romance, its beauty; the romance of venerable, ancient tradition, the beauty of austerity. Dark, and in effect dusty, within. The long, long, bleak corridors—through them striding for exercise, to and fro, silently, each alone, in their cassocks, a number of the Fathers. The tiny, harsh little rooms in which they dwell. In one, a gaunt figure smoking a pipe. The remoteness from the gleaming, teeming scene at the Statler! The remoteness from the life of Murray Hill, fashionable vagabond!

* * * *

With Dr. Bostwick to luncheon at the City Club, a populous and cheerful organization maintaining an upper floor in an office building downtown. Holding forth at what I heard was called the "radical table". Father Wilbur called on this group on our way out. Present, a gentleman whose wife, is was joyously proclaimed, was in the penitentiary. Her disagreement with the authorities something political. "Though the club as a whole really is rather conservative in flavor," said Dr. Bostwick as we passed out.

* * * *

A good deal of the time, when seated, wears his legs tucked under his bulk in such wise as to present an entertaining resemblance to a frog. Frequently drops open his mouth, and for a moment lets it hang so, as though this enabled him the better to think.

"Well", said Mr. Reedy, with a decidedly sad expression, "I don't suppose the stuff will ever come back again, and it seems to be becoming more difficult to marry all the while."

His job, he said, "couldn't be left outside the door at night". It was too much for one man and not enough for

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two. Of his own stuff: "It goes well enough with a class of people who like a slightly radical flavor, who like some dress to the style and yet don't want to see a fellow wear spats and carry a little cane." Standing very yellow in the corner, my own stick gave something of a self-conscious start, I felt.

On English writing versus American writing: "We", rather wearily, "all write for money over here—always in a hurry—no time, no time to polish up. When an Englishman gets four hundred pounds a year—enough to keep his top hat—he's satisfied.

"Timeliness, too, is our curse. Everything done over here with some journalistic point. Take the English papers, front page of 'The Spectator', no timeliness whatever. Likely to give the whole thing to a review of a reprint of Cowper." He greatly admired one of Gamaliel Bradford's recently published "Portraits of American Women". "No notion of timeliness to the thing. All writing is propaganda," he said. This gave me a thought which had not occurred to me before. "Nearly all", I reflected, "except mine."

Conrad? For the fun of the thing, I have recently been collecting, as you might say, adverse opinions on Conrad. There seems to be rising a pronounced anti-Conrad tide. Shortly before I left New York I was much amused at hearing A. Edward Newton deliver in my office a tirade against the acclaimed supreme master. From Mr. Nicholson, on my way, I picked up this: "Conrad writes adventure stories, but he doesn't write adventure stories as adventure stories should be written." Mr. Reedy's comment: "I find him pretty tedious."

He continued his solemnly delivered, humorous lamentations. Our job, professional reading, left no time, no energy, for any real reading, that is for reading purely for refreshment, or for the good of one's soul. For how long a time had he wanted to reread Boswell! Also, in this business a man got so he couldn't read any other way —always reading against time, in a hurried, skipping, professional way. Had he not, not long ago, after for years promising himself this pleasure, again taken up "Don Quixote"? Found he no longer had the patience to deliver himself over to the spell of this glorious book.

Yes, one got a hardening of the intellectual arteries. He did not go anywhere much any more. The last time he was on East, and with the boys (these juvenile characters being Tom Daly, A. Edward Newton and Christopher Morley), it bored him, almost, to listen to the prattle of their enthusiasm, to feel from apart the rosy glow of youth in which they lived in a sort of fairyland of books and affairs.

"Yes; youth is the thing; that's the great, the only gift! All that stands is the voice of youth. Nobody ever produced anything after he was no longer young. Call the roll," he said, and he began....

"Not always," I replied, "there are exceptions."

"Name them!" he cried.

"Well," I said, "wasn't Defoe fifty, sixty, seventy, or something like that when he wrote 'Crusoe'?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "but he wrote of his youth; that's the only way it is done."

I don't know about that, altogether. The idea is an excellent theme for an essay; and when I return from my travels I'll turn the matter over in my mind, and see what may be made of it. Anyhow, there's a great deal of truth in what he said. And I let him have his way.

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Where was my trip taking me?

Eventually, I replied, to California. Ah! he had been thinking of going out to the Democratic convention. "But", he stopped suddenly, as though arrested by a disturbing thought; "anybody found out there is liable to be nominated!" And a ringing burst of Chestertonian laughter, as (both of us bowing) I crossed his threshold, was his parting word. A noble monument, fixed forever in my mind!

MURRAY HILL

THE PEOPLE OF UNKNOWN LANDS

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

LIKE all the "ologies", ethnology has an ominous sound suggestive of forbidding abstruseness. Yet there is no science that has more human interest or can be more profitably applied from a broadly utilitarian point of view. It is not for nothing that the British colonial officers flock to Oxford to take courses in ethnology that shall fit them for their administrative duties in New Guinea or the Sudan. For as a factotum in one of our larger scientific institutions likes to put it in his only roughly transcribable vernacular, "The zoologists deal with animals and the mineralogists deal with rocks: *they* don't know how to treat human beings. But the ethnologists have to do with human beings and they learn how to deal with them." Indeed, one of the primary lessons of ethnology is precisely that tolerance of other peoples which is able to penetrate through the mask of often quaint and apparently absurd usage to the underlying traits of psychology that make all the world kin. However, that lesson is not most readily nor most entertainingly learned when presented in the form of abstract precepts. To get the maximum pleasure without in the long run foregoing the supreme profit of ethnology, the general reader had best plunge headlong into the less technical descriptive accounts of the ruder cultures and learn to know in the concrete what mankind is like along the nether reaches of civilization.

No class of literature is better suited for initiation into the outstanding actualities of primitive custom than the reports of some of the early explorers. As a rule these men had no academic preconceptions and were not lost in theoretical subleties. They drew life as they saw it with a few boldly sweeping touches of the brush. Moreover, they supply the only authentic information on the savage in his genuinely uncontaminated state. No greater boon therefore could have been bestowed on students and lovers of ethnology than the republication of the more valuable of these ancient records, which has been undertaken of late years by a number of publishing houses.

Among these early accounts none perhaps rivals Samuel Hearne's "Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean".

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What his trip means even today becomes apparent on turning the pages of George Douglas's profusely illustrated "Lands Forlorn", a most suitable companion volume. One can readily infer therefrom the difficulties encountered by Hearne in 1772 when after two ventures he finally brought his expedition to the Coppermine to a happy conclusion. No later traveler has equaled Hearne in his graphic description of the Northern Chipewyans, the hardships encountered in their daily life, the subjection of their women, the extraordinary sleight-of-hand performances of their conjurers. Quite apart from its ethnologic value the work should take rank as a classic for its quaint style and incomparable passages of humor, mostly unconscious. Who can fail to chuckle over the panegyric of the chief Matonabbee? It would do more than justice to a Washington, Lincoln, and Chesterfield combined.

> His scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty would have done honour to the most enlightened and devout Christian, while his benevolence and universal humanity to all the human race...could not be exceeded by the most illustrious personage now on record.... In conversation he was easy, lively, and agreeable, but exceedingly modest; and at table, the nobleness and elegance of his manners might have been admired by the first personages in the world; for to the vivacity of a Frenchman, and the sincerity of an Englishman, he added the gravity and nobleness of a Turk.

Yet this paragon of human virtues is revealed in the Journey as a wife-beating bully who cravenly submits to a bigger Indian threatening to kidnap a member of his harem! Thus does this aboriginal philosopher enlighten Hearne as to the status of the female sex:

> Women, though they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence.

But the work fairly teems with gems and must be read in its entirety as one of the most trustworthy and enjoyable of ethnological travel books.

In the union of a racy style with wealth of information Lewis and Clark perhaps most nearly approach Hearne's classic. There are several works presenting the results of their travels but the fancier of literary curiosities will prefer to grapple with the quite original orthography of the unbowdlerized "Original Journals". The great explorers, it is true, never penetrated deeply into the life of any one people but they were excellent observers and their impressions of the external phases of Dakota, Shoshoni, and other Indian communities are eminently worth while. Somewhat later in point of time are Catlin and Prince Maximilian. Catlin, for all his execrable artistry now gracing the walls of the United States National Museum in Washington, was a faithful reporter of Plains Indian life in the early thirties of the last century. He had the unique chance of observing the great torture festival of the Mandan Indians, who were soon after decimated by disease; and though his veracity was challenged by contemporaries it is on essential points firmly established by Prince Maximilian's independent testimony. Between these two authorities one is able to reconstruct a clear picture of the semi-agricultural ritual-mongering natives of North Dakota. Fortunately the excessive diffuseness of Catlin's own writing is largely mitigated in Mary Gay Humphreys's "The Boy's Catlin".

A single continent cannot supply a proper notion of the diversity of primitive conditions. For this purpose a glimpse of Polynesian society by way of comparison with that in America is highly desirable. And here one

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thinks at once of Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite, Herman Melville's "Typee". The peculiar disabilities of the female sex in parts of Oceania and the rigidity of the taboo system are most strikingly brought home in this book. Melville impresses one not only with his narrative skill but also because he knows and stresses the limitations of his knowledge—a trait which one fervently prays might be more frequently exhibited in more recent accounts of ruder civilizations. Captain Cook's "Voyages" may be commended as equally fascinating reading and they cover a wider scope. The hard-and-fast distinctions of rank customary in Polynesia are clearly revealed in these reports and stand out in strong contrast to the all but universally democratic spirit of the American natives.

A quite different class of books comprises narratives by men who in one way or another have come to live with the primitive men in modern times. Here a word of caution must be uttered concerning the writings of educated Indians or near-Indians. These should as a rule be viewed with suspicion: under the pretense of revealing the true inwardness of native life they have a tendency to throw a quite false glamour around it, consciously or unconsciously seeking to glorify the Indian in the light of white principles. The true ethnological attitude is to enter sympathetically into the Indian standards without thought of their agreement or disagreement with our own,—to understand, not either to vilify or apotheosize.

Of our picturesque Plains tribes the Blackfoot Indians have been unusually fortunate in the number and quality of their literary interpreters. Apart from the more technical monographs in which Wissler enjoyed the collaboration of his Indian interpreter, Duvall, there are at least four books that may be heartily recommended to the general public. It is a squaw-man's reminiscences that are offered in "My Life as an Indian" by J. W. Schultz. In spite of an element of spurious sentimentalism and self-laudation the bulk of the narrative rings true and affords an admirable view of the buffalo-hunting days of the northwestern Plains with tales of martial prowess and horse-raids and bits of description of tribal lore and ceremonialism. The more recent "Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park" by the same author include a series of interesting traditions, some purely mythical, others of semi-historical character. For a fuller collection of Indian stories, and an excellent summary account of the old Blackfoot milieu as well, we are indebted to George Bird Grinnell, whose "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" remain an indispensable source of information. Finally must be cited "The Old North Trail" by Walter McClintock, who made the acquaintance of the Blackfoot as a member of one of Gifford Pinchot's Forest Service expeditions and came to be adopted by the chief Mad Wolf. This book may perhaps be characterized as the supreme achievement of recent years in the way of popularizing Indian ethnology. It combines a distinctly literary flavor with profuse illustrative material and a wealth of detailed fact that never becomes boresome. Altogether the book forms one of the very best introductions available into the spirit of an alien people. The set ritualism, the elaborate festivals blending dramatic performance and religious worship, the varied activities of the military dance societies policing the camp, are all set forth with both accuracy and verve.

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Our even more picturesque Southwestern Indians have not fared nearly so well as the Blackfoot. There are travel books galore dealing with the Pueblo tribes, but no trustworthy synthesis of that highly intricate culture with its terraced houses and feminine landlords, its beautifully ornamented pottery and esoteric religious fraternities. Those who are not averse to a mingling of fiction and ethnologic fact may be referred to Adolphe Bandelier's "The Delight Makers". Bandelier was one of our most erudite scholars in Spanish-American documentary history and himself a pioneer in southwestern exploration. He chose the novel form to present his ethnological findings and solved the difficult problem of blending the widely different techniques of romance and science with a very fair measure of success.

The literature of polar exploration is of course full of references to the Eskimo, whose resourcefulness in contending against the most untoward circumstances of life can hardly fail to evoke the admiration of travelers who have profited by their ingenuity. But probably no one has come so close to mirroring the everyday activities of these people as Knud Rasmussen, the son of a Danish missionary in Greenland, himself possessed of a tincture of Eskimo blood and a master of the native tongue. His book on "The People of the Polar North" is a sympathetic and graphic account of Greenland society in its varied manifestations. The customary docility of these hospitable folk is seen to yield under occasional pressure of circumstances to desperate deeds of ferocity. Marital life is pictured with that strange feature of a sanctioned exchange of wives. Above all, there is a wealth of legendary material and a full account of those odd beliefs in spirits, magic formulæ, and traditional rules of conduct that constitute Eskimo religion.

It is a far cry from the Arctic to the enervating regions of West Africa, but if one wants a survey of the total range of primitive mentality such leaps are inevitable. Certainly the culture of Africa, and of its western coast more particularly, wears a complexion all its own. No other primitive race has rivaled the negro in his complicated system of jurisprudence with its solemn ordeals; and probably nowhere has the despotism of monarchical rule or of secret organizations in charge of the governmental machinery been of greater potency. "Among the Primitive Bakongo" by John H. Weeks forms a good introduction to this type of communal existence, and better still is Mary H. Kingsley's report on her "Travels in

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A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. By Samuel Hearne. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

Lands Forlorn; a Story of an Expedition to Hearne's Coppermine River. By George Douglas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.

The Boy's Catlin. Edited by Mary Gay Humphreys. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Travels in the Interior of North America. By Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied. Arthur H. Clark Co.

Typee. By Herman Melville. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Captain Cook's Voyages of Discovery. E. P. Dutton and Co.

My Life as an Indian. By J. W. Schultz. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Blackfoot Lodge Tales. By George Bird Grinnell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Old North Trail. By Walter McClintock. The Macmillan Co.

The Delight Makers. By Adolphe Bandelier. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The People of the Polar North. By Knud Rasmussen. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Among the Primitive Bakongo. By John H. Weeks. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Travels in West Africa. By Mary H. Kingsley. The Macmillan Co.

Savage Childhood. By Dudley Kidd. Adam and Chas. Black.

The Old-Fashioned Woman. By Elsie Clews Parsons. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Anthropology. By R. R. Marett. Henry Holt and Co.

The Mind of Primitive Man. By Franz Boas. The Macmillan Co.

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West Africa", which incidentally proves once and for all that the feminine psyche is not devoid of a delicious sense of humor. Finally may be cited a book by Dudley Kidd dealing with the much-neglected topic of "Savage Childhood". It is fortunately not a pallid account in the abstract but a very live detailed record of the growth of a Kaffir child from babyhood upward. The care of the child in infancy, the nursery tales with which grandmothers beguile the time of their charges, the games played at a more mature period, the vocational training of boys and girls,—all these are set forth with great lucidity, and incidentally a flood of light is shed on South African belief and institutions.

A reader of McClintock and Rasmussen, of Melville and Kidd, cannot fail to gain in the most pleasant fashion an enlarged outlook on human life. But there is another lesson with potentially even greater incidental amusement that ethnology has in store for her devotees. What if one assumes toward one's own civilization the attitude of the proverbial visitor from Mars, chuckling and thrusting out one's tongue at its irrationalities? The effect is enlightening and wholesomely chastening; it can be readily produced by a reading of Elsie Clews Parsons's book, "The Old-Fashioned Woman", where suggestive parallels are run between savage and civilized custom. And if there is anyone in quest of more systematic general information about the status of the simpler peoples as compared with ourselves, let him read Dr. R. R. Marett's charming little book on "Anthropology", and the psychological chapters in Professor Franz Boas's "The Mind of Primitive Man".

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BOOK PUBLISHERS

BY FREDERIC G. MELCHER

THOUGH discussions of the effect of the war on literature have occupied many columns of space in the literary and book-trade periodicals for the past few years, that subject has never drawn out as sharp discussion as has the steadily increasing debate on the opportunities and shortcomings of publishers' and booksellers' trade. In England, on the Continent, and here at home there seems to have been a general reexamination of the methods of book distribution. Criticism a-plenty has been offered by readers and authors as well as by the members of the book trade itself, and constructive efforts toward new things have begun to take shape.

In France a book-trade headquarters has been established, the "Maison du Livre", with a broad program for supporting and improving the conditions of bookselling both in France itself and in her new border territory, and for investigating the conditions of the sale of French books in all other countries. The city of Paris has supplied quarters, and the government has given the effort all possible encouragement. The monthly organ of this na-

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tional association, which has over six hundred members, is appropriately called "La Renaissance du Livre". Part of the program is to establish a school for the literary and commercial education of booksellers.

In England, the association of publishers and the association of booksellers have been drawn nearer together in the discussion of the shortcomings of the book trade and there is a new spirit of cooperation which should do much to advance the book trade's needs. Authors and public have kept up a steady fire of criticism on book distribution conditions, a conspicuous example of which was the symposium in a recent number of "The Book-Post" in which authors—Wells, Shaw, Conrad, Marie Corelli and others —commented on the decay of English bookselling. That the war has increased the general use and appreciation of books is the comment everywhere in Russia, Italy, France, England, and the United States.

The publishers of our country have now organized a National Association of Book Publishers, in order that the increased activity and cooperative tendencies in our own book world may have a focusing point. The offices just established on Fifth Avenue, New York, are intended to serve as a source of information on the general facts effecting book production and distribution, and the conference room as a place for the discussion of any constructive plan to improve and increase the distribution of books in this country.

Book publishing as a profession is, like authorship, a matter of individuality and temperament, and publishers will always in their relations to authors, in their sales efforts and their special book publicity, work as keen competitors; but it is a business with complicated details and relationships, and any information on such phases as copyright, tariff, or the development of domestic and foreign markets, is a matter of common concern which can often be dealt with cooperatively to the benefit of all. It is in this field of common interests that the new organization may do important work for the upbuilding of the publishing interests of the United States. In the field of trade expansion it does not purpose to study how bookselling can have a "record fall" or "banner year", but how American publishing and bookselling can build constructively and steadily for a more substantial place in the public eye, and how America can become more book-minded.

A comparison of the audience attained by newspapers and periodicals with the circulation found for books, makes book circulation seem trifling. It is estimated that the average family buys one to two books per year (exclusive of schoolbooks) and six hundred newspapers and periodicals. In the country's enormous paper consumption, what is known as "book paper" is but a small output compared with "newsprint", yet books themselves, including every kind, use but five to six per cent of the "book paper", the balance going to periodicals and job printing. It is certainly not selfish aggrandizement that brings the publishers together for the consideration of increasing the use of books, but a feeling that a nation of such inveterate readers might be better off with a more substantial diet.

Such an effort coincides with a general tendency toward increased reading for diversion and study. The war is universally credited with having reestablished the book in the public mind, with having increased the reading activity of confirmed readers, and with

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having initiated thousands of others who never had the book-reading habit and who had perhaps even considered book reading effeminate. The war has given the affairs of other countries new interest to everyone, it has roused economic and social discussions that will reverberate in book pages for years, it has taught people to turn to books for inspiration and relaxation, giving the creative artist a far larger potential audience than ever before. Is this war result to be a transitory benefit? The book trade thinks not and so organizes to keep this flame of enthusiasm alive.

In a time like this the publishers' chief ambition is reaching and developing the new markets, and the urge toward expansion is backed by both necessity and vision. Books are in motion on the march into new territories, and by keeping up the momentum the publishers will be able to distribute the heavy initial costs of typesetting and plates over larger editions and thus accomplish the most practical of bookmaking economics.

In all discussions of book markets the need of more distributive points is recognized by all as fundamental. An association of publishers is very naturally interested in working for the betterment of established outlets for books and for the encouragement of new enterprises. To give practical and well grounded advice to those who may contemplate entering bookselling, —advice on successful types of stores, on practical budgets, on store planning and display, on sales building, on book fairs and lectures—should constitute an important field of usefulness. Different types of bookshops are suited to the needs of different clienteles and require different types of management and promotion. There is room in our country for more general bookstores competently handled and more book departments, more children's bookshops and more small personal bookshops, more shops in college centres, and more in the smaller cities.

In whatever way the headquarters of the National Association of Book Publishers can serve as a common source of information for its members, for the press or for the public, that is its field. In whatever way it can increase book reading and book ownership by soundly conceived publicity or other encouragement to distribution, that is its justification.

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A BOOK SHELF FOR THE MONTH

THE PRIME MINISTER

By David Jayne Hill

HAROLD SPENDER'S book on the present British Prime Minister is the fruit of long and intimate friendship and presents a very full and attractive portrait of one of the most conspicuous figures of our time.

Quite apart from the fact that David Lloyd George is at the helm in determining the course of the British Empire, which renders a knowledge of his qualities and character a matter of interest to everyone who wishes to follow contemporary events to their probable conclusions, the story of this remarkable career has a fascination that is possessed by few biographies. It is a wonderful life, and the history of it is a distinct contribution to the record of the time in which we are living.

In his opening chapters, Mr. Spender describes with the hand of an artist the three picturesque Welsh villages with unpronounceable names, between the mountains and the sea, of a land fertile in legend and still overflowing with poetic inspiration, in which David Lloyd George passed his childhood and young manhood. Born in 1863, in Manchester, England, where his Welsh father was at the time engaged as a schoolmaster, it was in the humble cottage of his mother's brother Richard Lloyd, bootmaker and Baptist preacher, that David, with his mother and his posthumously born brother William, found the shelter of a home when, at the age of eighteen months, he was left without a father. Very touching but also very instructive is the description of that humble home, the rugged virtue and tender sympathy of Uncle Richard, the simplicity of a life attuned to the highest moral aspirations, and the shaping of a mind sharpened by the keen edge of hardship. It is a lesson that teaches how great even the humblest life may be, when it is lived with courage, devotion, and fortitude.

Association with the most ordinary men, a comprehension of their trials and obstacles to success, and the great steadying influence of Uncle Richard combined to give Lloyd George an outlook upon the world that has never wholly changed, and which became the secret of his power. A lively ambition, a rare eloquence of expression both in Welsh and English, a strong clannish faith in the young Welsh solicitor on the part of a people who had many difficulties to overcome, and an environment of limitations which he shared with them, together made him very early their spokesman and soon afterward their unquestioned leader. Before he was thirty years of age, David Lloyd George had Wales at his back; and Wales had become a factor in British politics that had to be reckoned with, if England did not want another Ireland on her hands.

Lloyd George was not spoiled by his

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first successes, which came very early in his career. He probably did not hold the non-conformist faith quite as Uncle Lloyd and his own preacher ancestors had held it, but he was charged, almost surcharged, with a spirit of non-conformity. Not content to be merely the most prominent Welsh member of Parliament, he believed Wales had a message for England, and he delivered it boldly; so boldly that it became evident long before he was forty years old that there could for some time be no English cabinet of the Liberal party of which Mr. Lloyd George was not a member.

His attitude during the Boer War had nearly unhorsed him. He condemned the war and opposed Mr. Chamberlain so violently that his life was endangered by the resentment of more than one mob which he had persisted in addressing. Once he was so heavily stoned that the blow was nearly fatal, and at Birmingham he escaped death only by putting on a constable's uniform in which he made his exit from the Town Hall. Even Wales seemed lost to him. They burned him in effigy in three of his own boroughs. When he tried to speak in Penrhyn Hall, the mob broke every window. He escaped by the back door, but the crowd waited till two o'clock in the morning to "finish him". At last his Welsh eloquence won them all back. Referring to his "blue paper" credentials to the Speaker, he said: "If I never again represent these boroughs in the House of Commons I shall at least have the satisfaction of handing back to you that blue paper with no single stain of human blood upon it." The effect, says Mr. Spender, was electrical. The whole audience rose to their feet with a shout. Wales was his own again.

At the outbreak of the Great War David Lloyd George had been nine years a Minister and six years Chancellor of the Exchequer. His course in these administrative positions, while marked with strong radical tendencies, was exceptionally able. He had become, despite bitter opposition, an indispensable man. The war began for him a new chapter in the development of his mind and character. Until Belgium was invaded, he was for peace; but from that moment he was for war, and for a war with victory.

The succeeding chapters relating to the activities of Lloyd George in the war are full of interest. They tell the story of great leadership and a miracle of industrial organization under his plans as Minister of Munitions. Then follows an account of the bold insistence on unity of control that led to the formation of the War Cabinet, the displacement of Mr. Asquith, and in December, 1916, the elevation of Lloyd George to the premiership.

Mr. Spender does not hesitate to present the Premier as the most important factor in the winning of the war. His deep knowledge of military matters and his keen judgment upon them constitute the principal theme in the chapters on "The Saving of Italy", "The Versailles Council", and "The Victory". As a contribution to the history of the great achievements of the time, these chapters are of great interest; but they will quite certainly be supplemented by opinions derived from other points of view before that history will be complete even for Great Britain.

In the chapter on "The Peace Conference" we are made to realize the qualities of the man with whom President Wilson had to deal in negotiating peace. Sustained by an overwhelming vote in the recent election, aided by the ablest men in a coalition cabinet and the premiers of the dominions, David

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Lloyd George knew at all times precisely what he wanted, and was easily the most adept, and notwithstanding opposition the best sustained, of the triumvirate of statesmen who were to make the settlements of peace. Like himself, Clemenceau, a seasoned parliamentarian and an astute leader of long experience, also knew precisely what he wanted to secure for France. Mr. Wilson was at Paris, as Mr. Spender well says, "to hold up the banner of the ideal" and procure "a peace of final world-conciliation", believing himself to be successful in this if between the compromises of these two protagonists he could find some recognition of his "Fourteen Points".

Quite clearly, Lloyd George tried to make a friend of President Wilson. "They were", Mr. Spender says, "really kindred spirits, with the difference that Mr. Lloyd George had a longer experience of politics and diplomacy in the *rusé* old Europe"; and, though always respectful in speaking of Mr. Wilson, he does not hesitate to say that in the questions of controversy Mr. Lloyd George got his way. This was the almost inevitable consequence of a wider experience in political strategy in circumstances where personal command could not be made effective and *finesse* was essential.

Among Mr. Lloyd George's outfit of qualities for accomplishing his purposes, Mr. Spender mentions "his genius for compromise, his twinkling good humor, his amazing capacity for finding a middle way between different points of view". "It is scarcely too much to say", remarks his biographer, "that without him the Conference would have inevitably broken down, and one of the other two would have flung out of the Conference like Signor Orlando."

At all great turning points of decision, as well as in his manner of life, Lloyd George was more democratic than Wilson. He had no abstract principles to impose, but was always thinking of the effect of the action upon the popular mind,—especially in Great Britan. His life in Paris was of the simplest. He lived in a modest flat, frequented the cafés, and mingled freely with the crowd, which held him in great favor. In a passage that speaks for itself, Mr. Spender writes:

> European observers were surprised at the contrast between the daily life of the British Prime Minister and the high state which surrounded the American President, who occupied the Villa Murat over the way. But when they criticised the posting of sentries both inside and outside of the President's house, and when the French people objected to being forbidden to walk on the American side of their own beloved Parisian street, they perhaps forgot that President Wilson stood in the place of Royalty as the sovereign head of the country for which he spoke.

Regarding the League of Nations, Mr. Spender assures us, "Mr. Lloyd George was never the prime mover, but always a faithful follower of President Wilson". He believed in the League, "but he had not a very deep faith in schemes or constitutions". As to Mr. Wilson's special personal contribution to the Covenant, Article X, Mr. Spender states,—and Mr. Lloyd George's attitude toward Poland confirms the statement,—he was averse to proposals containing seeds of future wars, "to which he could not summon the youth of Great Britain". Quite specifically Mr. Spender refers to the Premier's opinion of Article X as one under which "we, as a contracting party, might be called upon to defend with arms any detail of the settlement. It was always his aim", he adds, "to keep British obligations within the limits of the powers of the British Empire."

Lloyd George was keenly aware of the value to Great Britain of the mili-

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tary alliance which Article X insures. Says Mr. Spender:

> When the Covenant was in danger, he supported President Wilson on his return from America in his insistence that it should be made part of the Treaty. Still, Mr. Lloyd George perhaps never shook off his instinctive feeling that there was an element of unreality in the drafting of a set constitution for the League. He doubted whether the intense patriotism created by the war could at once be poured, glowing hot, into the mould of a new international discipline.

The chapters on "The New World" and "The Man" I must leave without comment, except to say that they furnish a basis of calculation as to what may be expected of Great Britain while it remains under the guidance of David Lloyd George, and thereby greatly add to the interest and the value of this excellent biography.

The Prime Minister. By Harold Spender. George H. Doran Company.

THE REIGN OF PATTI

By Henry T. Finck

THE late Adelina Patti once received $4,000 for singing "Home, Sweet Home". It was at the inauguration of the new Auditorium in Chicago, which had cost $8,000,000, according to the newspapers. Four thousand is doubtless the record for a single song; in her prime she exacted the same sum for a concert in London, and $3,000 elsewhere. Her opera prices were higher still, at least in America. In New York Mapleson had to pay her $5,000 each performance before she set foot on the stage. South America was even more lavish in its enthusiasm. In eighteen months of the years 1888-89, which included a tour to that continent, she earned almost, if not quite, half a million dollars, which, it is needless to say, no other musician before or after her ever equaled, although high salaries were already paid two centuries ago: the male soprano Farinelli got $40,000 for a season in London, a sum equaling in the money of today at least six times that sum, or a quarter of a million dollars.

Patti's official biographer, Herman Klein, emphasizes the fact that, unlike some other high-priced vocalists, she nearly always drew such large audiences, at increased prices, that a handsome sum was left for the manager; he does not deny, however, that after meeting her demands, the impressario did not have much left to secure other good singers, so the ensemble was apt to suffer. The plain truth is that from her childhood she was so accustomed to look on herself as the "whole show" that she didn't care a rap for ensemble. Mr. Klein frankly admits that she never attended rehearsals. Her brother-in-law, coach and manager, Maurice Strakosch, took her place, except at formal dress rehearsals, and the biographer hasn't a word of censure for her on that account. "Why not?" he asks. "As her 'coach', no one knew better than he exactly what she was going to do; and he was perfectly capable of going through the entire opera in the precise manner that Adelina would sing and enact it at night." Mr. Klein is perfectly serious—so serious that he doesn't see the joke of it. Suppose singers and actors in general followed Patti's example? What's the use of having rehearsals anyhow?

In what opera did Patti achieve her biggest triumph? Most of those who heard her in New York or abroad would name "The Barber of Seville", "Don Giovanni", "Lucia", "La Traviata", "La Sonnambula", as "the best five", for her, of the forty-one operas

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she appeared in. Not so Mr. Klein; to him Aida was the greatest of her achievements. He admits, on the other hand, that her Carmen was a complete failure. It "proved to be clever but colorless. She elected to raise the tessitura of Carmen's music by making numerous changes and introducing 'ornaments' which were out of keeping with the design of the composer. This naturally aroused adverse criticism; indeed, the press notices as a whole were frankly unfavorable."

It was not always that Patti was the whole show at an operatic performance. In London and Paris she sometimes appeared with several other singers of her rank. For instance, a "Don Giovanni" performance in 1861, in London, at which she sang Zerlina, presented Grisi as Donna Anna, Faure in the title rôle, Tamberlik as Don Ottavio, Ronconi as Masetto, Formes as Leporello, Tagliafico as the Commendatore—a cast that takes one's breath away, although it must be remembered that New York, in the days of Grau and Hammerstein, heard this masterwork of Mozart with casts nearly if not quite as astonishing.

Most of Mr. Klein's pages are inevitably taken up with details regarding Patti's triumphs in European and American cities. These included, of course, the capital of Mexico. Her first plan to invade that country, early in her career, was given up because on her way, at New Orleans, she met two young girls who told her how they had been robbed and maltreated by brigands across the border. Thirty years later, however, she did the Cortez act and conquered Mexico. All the natives along the railway line came out of their huts to stare at her palatial private car, on which her name was painted in huge letters. In Mexico City the populace went crazy; many pawned their jewels to buy seats. Many costly presents came to her and —an important detail mentioned by Mme. Arditi—she had her little dog for comfort in her dressing room; just as, when she first sang as a little girl in New York, she refused to go on until she had her doll.

Throughout the book the personality of Patti is painted in rosy hue by Mr. Klein, who knew her intimately many years, and whom she herself chose to be her biographer (it was at first to have been an autobiography written with his assistance). He often was invited to her half-million-dollar castle in Wales, Craig-y-Nos, where she continued to amuse herself and her friends by appearing in operatic rôles. Of these occasions the biographer gives entertaining accounts. Some of the performances given there were considered so important by London newspapers that they printed telegraphed accounts of them.

Oliver Herford once asked, "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?" Concerning Patti's three marriages, about which there has been so much unreliable gossip, one is glad at last to get authentic information in this book. The first marriage, to the Marquis de Caux, was certainly an extraordinary affair—at least from the American point of view. He held the position of Equerry to Napoleon III, who, with the Empress Eugénie, favored the matrimonial plan. Eugénie encouraged Patti to go on singing five more years in order to earn money for her future husband, who had only $2,000 a year. She was then to be made a *dame d'honneur* at court. The match, as a matter of course, turned out badly. The Marquis had a legal right to the money she earned in France—so she sang elsewhere. Finally she got rid of him by dividing her fortune with him, his

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share being $300,000. She then married the tenor Nicolini, and after his death the Swedish Baron Cederström, with whom she spent much of her time in traveling after her singing days were practically over. From first to last, she was known as a public singer for fifty-six years.

The Reign of Patti. By Herman Klein. The Century Co.

NEWSPAPER VERSE

By Herbert S. Gorman

IF the fact be excepted that Mr. Davis has done his job rather badly, one can have nothing but admiration for his endeavor. The idea is mentally invigorating and susceptible of many admirable procedures. It is the editor's own fault that he has not carried it out in a sufficiently comprehensive manner. No one expects an editor of newspaper verse to discover any mute inglorious Miltons in Oshkosh or Kalamazoo; but the reader who ventures the price of a copy of the anthology does expect an adequate treatment of the subject. It is not here; and principally, if we may judge by appearances, because of the mental attitude of Mr. Davis toward his subject.

He has attempted to do for newspaper verse what William Stanley Braithwaite has been doing for nearly a decade with magazine verse. But he has in some measure nullified his work by confining his search for verses to the smaller papers in the country. Thus the New York "Times", the New York "Tribune", the New York "Sun and Herald", and the New York "Evening Post" are barely represented. He has paid no attention to the daily columns, such as Don Marquis's "The Sun Dial", and F. P. A.'s "The Conning Tower", wherein may be discovered many an authentic poem.

The smaller papers have been dredged rather thoroughly and Mr. Davis has rescued from undoubted oblivion many a little piece characteristic of our changing times. In the main the verse is good. From a technical standpoint the newspaper poets of America may well be praised. If fault must be found with them, and, of course, it is easy to find fault with anyone, it must be on the score of triteness. They will repeat and eternally repeat the motifs that time has torn to tatters. But there is a throb of sincerity in their lines, a homely expression of poetic significance that must not be overlooked.

Just a word about newspaper poets. The typical newspaper poem (and I write as one who has accepted many of them) is valued because of its timeliness. It strikes a chord that is paramount in the news of the day. If one so desired, he could write a history of America and all her changing phases by merely setting in chronological order newspaper verses that have appeared throughout the years. The World War could be written in meticulous fashion in this way. One wonders why such an anthology has not been attempted.

Mr. Davis intimates that his anthology is to be a yearly affair. He will undoubtedly profit by this first attempt and make improvements as he gets into his subject more thoroughly.

Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1919 and Year Book of Newspaper Poetry. By Franklin Pierre Davis. The F. P. Davis Co.

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A NEW BOOK OF STORIES

By Blanche Colton Williams

DISCRIMINATING readers find confirmation of their taste in the recent pronouncement of an English novelist, who places among three American writers highest in achievement the name of Willa Cather. Although Miss Cather reaches the public chiefly through her novels, her initial success was in the field of the short story. Just fifteen years ago appeared her slender volume, "The Troll Garden". Now, under a title beguiling and provocative, are reprinted four stories from this early collection, with three from "McClure's", "Harper's", and "The Century", and a single new one, "Coming, Aphrodite!"

Patently, the tales are the work of an artist sensitive to the rhythm of prose; significantly, with the exception of "The Sculptor's Funeral", they are about musicians. There is unmoral Eden Bower, of flawless physical beauty, "a vision out of Alexandria, out of the remote pagan past". There is her foil, generous hard-worked Cressida Garnett, whose relatives regarded her as "a natural source of wealth; a copper vein, a diamond mine". There is Kitty Ayrshire, heroine of "A Gold Slipper" and "Scandal". So capitally conceived and portrayed are these prima donnas as to suggest the hand of the biographer and to set speculation alert for prototypes. "Scandal" is of particular merit in its apparently casual study of Siegmund Stein, clever in its manipulation of indirection as was that gentleman himself. His picture, formed through the superposition of two films, springs fully into life-likeness only with the final adjustment. When "Scandal" was first published (1919) one editor ranked it first of the year's short stories. But for a topheavy introduction, it would be well-nigh perfect, as a sketch.

For if these later tales, which compose two-thirds of the book, receive their meed of applause as literature, they will be judged not as short stories. Literature is greater than any of its forms, and of this entire volume there can be no question of the literary value. The author perceives life from many angles, all subsidiary to her comprehensive outlook; she has the faculty of getting under the skin of each character, or of speaking from his mouth; she is economical, therefore powerful, in her management of action, interaction and contrast; she succeeds remarkably in conveying the sense of detachment which the "different" from their kind experience. But these excellencies are of the novelist, the novelist of "O, Pioneers!" and "My Antonia". "The Diamond Mine" is a condensed novel; the other three numbers might be tentative studies for novels, or preliminary sketches, like the drawings of Leonardo. Character, not narrative, is the final residuum. Miss Cather's "Alexander's Bridge" spans the gap between her short stories and her novels; these new essays in fiction are on the hither side.

The cleavage between her earlier and later work is clearly marked. "Paul's Case", "A Death in the Desert", "A Wagner Matinee", and the incident of the sculptor's funeral (all from "The Troll Garden") have the essentials of the short story as the later sketches have not. They are dear to some of us for their pathos, dealt out with Thackerayan reserve, in the behavior of the aunt at Grand Opera after a quarter century, in the comfort the dying singer found in the double of the man she loved, in the tragedy

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of Paul and his sacrifice to beauty. Paul breaks through language and escapes, a flesh and blood brother of Andreyev's "Little Angel". This story, bearing witness to the author's career as teacher, reveals her development out of the materials of life. In this development she has advanced a long way. And if in her new stories she chooses to run the gamut of emotion, it is doubtless because she has surrendered the easier appeal to feeling for the more difficult challenge to the intellectual and the æsthetic.

Youth and the Bright Medusa. By Willa Sibert Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.

A PROPHET OF JOY

By William Lyon Phelps

THE name Gamaliel Bradford is a combination of the Bible and the Pilgrim Fathers—good ancestry on both sides. The original Gamaliel, mentioned repeatedly in the Book of Numbers, was a chief of Manasseh, who was chosen to aid in taking the census in the wilderness; it was from this man that Mr. Bradford inherited his skill in making lists of American Worthies, and putting each in his proper place; the New Testament Gamaliel was a professor famed for his liberal views and human charity, whose influence may be discerned on every page of the present book. As for the Pilgrim Bradford, he would turn over in his grave at the picture of the prayer-meeting in the First Canto; but he bequeathed to our poet a rather unusual combination of learning and wisdom, and the courage that sometimes accompanies convictions.

This is a modern novel told in stanzas, "bright with bewildering audacities of rime", as someone said of "Hudibras". The measure chosen is Ottava Rima, a veritable wheelhorse in narrative poetry, which Byron made to dance like a thoroughbred. Novels are by no means confined to prose; there have been plenty of realistic, romantic, and burlesque novels told in verse; while the greatest living master of the short story in rhyme is John Masefield, every one of whose works you have to read twice, first to see what happens next, second to cull the flowers that fringe the smooth road. Masefield spins blood-and-thunder yarns with the high art that Stevenson spent on pirates.

In "Beppo", "The Vision of Judgment", and "Don Juan", Lord Byron showed the possibilities of Ottava Rima employed in narrative verse filled with surprises of wit, humor, sarcasm and irony, displaying a metrical facility commanded only by a great virtuoso. It would be unjust to compare "A Prophet of Joy" with "Don Juan"—though one cannot help thinking of the comparison—because Byron's technique had the mysterious addition of genius; but we can truthfully say that Mr. Bradford has skill and talent, which cannot be said of most writers. The fairest parallel in contemporary literature is with William Watson's "The Eloping Angels", an imaginative, ironical, burlesque poem written in the same metre. Mr. Bradford, I think, exhibits a command of the measure equal to that of the distinguished Englishman, and has the advantage of dealing with present-day people in present-day surroundings.

To a certain extent, the writer's aim is the same as Byron's, though the poem is quite free from the passages that shocked British sentiment a hundred years ago. When Byron had the first canto of "Don Juan" ready, he

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wrote to John Murray: "I have finished the first Canto (a long one, of about one hundred and eighty octaves) of a poem in the style and manner of 'Beppo', encouraged by the good success of the same. It is called 'Don Juan', and is meant to be a little quietly facetious upon every thing."

"A Prophet of Joy" is divided into six books, averaging about one hundred stanzas for the first five, with sixty in the last. The hero's name is Smith, and the shock is strengthened by his first name, Percival. This anti-climax in names perhaps symbolizes the purposeful mixture of fancy and fact. Anyhow, the author delights in beginning the names of his characters with a flourish, and ending them with a jolt, bringing the reader up rudely, and possibly indicating also the rebellion of romance against actuality. For while parents cannot very well help the family names of their children, their sentimental yearnings are often shown—are they not?—in the Christian names they bestow. In this poem we have Theodora Perkins, Matthew Morgan, Aurelia McGoggin, Ezekiel Waters, Cecilia Braybrooke, Peter Scrimp.

Theodora is a charming and wealthy spinster of thirty-five, Matthew Morgan is a newspaper reporter, Aurelia is a blazing movie-star, Ezekiel is an anarchist agitator, Cecilia a young, sophisticated, somewhat artificial beauty, and Peter a cynical Wall Street magnate. In the last book we have a strife between two uncompromizing enemies, Scrimp and Waters—a scene reminding one of Galsworthy's famous play. Here as there, nothing is gained by the strife, but in the midst of it Percival Smith is killed by an automatic—the obvious lesson being that joy cannot live in strife, or, as Aurelia sums it all up in the last stanza,—

"Yet what he taught shall not be lost; for I
Will take the burden up, though far unfit.
His death has shown me violence must die,
Its hideous, tortured strength at last unknit.
The sullen hordes of greed and wrath must fly
And joy's pure torch shall at his heart be lit.
So love will make him live on earth again,
Star of immortal hope to mortal men."

The story is so interesting that one follows it eagerly for its own sake. We are taken to city and country, to scenes of revel and feasting, to Bolshevist gatherings, to picnics, to public restaurants, to a Christian Science church, to movie shows, to card games—but in all times, places, and gatherings, and no matter with what companions, whether with the unctuous Reverend James Nichols, or with the lively Widow McIvor, the Prophet of Joy is always the same—for the point is that he carries the essence of happiness in his own heart. He is like Donatello, human and yet more than human, who visits the earth as a meteor visits the sky.

Happiness is more than pleasure, for pleasure is an excitement; happiness is a state of mind. Thus, while all the other characters in the poem look upon Percival Smith as a crank, he is meant to be the only one who is truly sane. To them he seems eccentric, but to him they appear either futile or mad, in their rage over politics, money, social gossip, and games. Yet there is nothing irritating about him; he is not Pollyanna.

His actual quality is best described in the stanzas where Theodora's sentiments toward him are analyzed:

Did Theodora love the prophet then?
She never would herself have used the word,
Or owned the love that women feel for men.
In fact, she would have called it quite absurd.
You do not love a wandering sunbeam, when
It comforts all your life, or love a bird

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Which in a summer morning sings away
The plague and discontent of yesterday.

The sprightliness and gayety of the whole poem make it seem as though it were purely spontaneous, so fresh and strong and bubbling is the current; yet I dare say the ingenuity of the rhymes is the fruit of much cogitation and correction. The frequent feminine and double rhymes put a ripple in the verse that is particularly charming.

What fun the author must have had composing all this! He has not only worked with his subject, he has played with it. He keeps up his own and the reader's courage, sometimes by whistling. It is one of the most original contributions to literature that I have seen, and I know nothing in American literature which it resembles. And it is written in the American, not the English language—witness the words that rhyme with "been", and "cemetery".

The book is beautifully printed, on dull paper with clear type, the volume being so light in weight that it is a pleasure to hold it in the hand.

A Prophet of Joy. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A FREUDIAN CONCEPT OF RELIGION

By Joseph Collins

MR. SWISHER, a Unitarian clergyman formerly of New London, now of Wellesley, has written a book which "aims to be a comprehensive treatment of the religious problem, the varied phenomena of religion, and various normal, and abnormal religious types, together with certain suggestions for a new and different kind of education from the viewpoint of the new psychology", that is, from dream interpretation or Freudian psychoanalysis. Rarely, perhaps never, has a writer failed so signally to accomplish his aim. The book is a heterogeneous mass of poorly digested, badly assimilated psychology, and worse religion, while from the pedagogical point of view that which he says has been said many times. "At first glance the Freudian psychology seems fantastic, far-fetched and scientifically unsound." Not so much at first sight as at second. Mr. Swisher speaks of it as a system of thought. It is not a system of thought according to Freud but a method of treating nervous disorders, and speaking as authority, I may add the poorest and most pernicious that has been devised in modern times.

"Civilized man is averse to having the biological origin of his emotions revealed in the harsh white light of modern rational thought." I am not aware of such aversion and it would be interesting to know how Mr. Swisher became aware of it. Like many clergymen he has so habituated himself to *ex cathedra* statement that he does not sense the necessity of furnishing proof of his statements. During the past decade physiologists have been busy linking up the emotions, i. e. the genesis and the display of them, with the internal secretions. However, this white light of modern thought is not "harsh".

Mr. Swisher has a sex obsession, or had, and it is still dominant:

> All religion has a phallic origin.... The myth (the transpirations in the Garden of Eden) is a primitive sex myth.... Christian symbols such as the cross bespeak a phallic origin.... Religion is primarily emotional and therefore of sex origin.... There is nothing essentially abnormal about the incest complex itself.... Jesus had certain masochistic tendencies, Paul was sadistic.... The conviction or sense of sin is a suppression of sex craving.

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Nothing reflects the author's mentality so accurately as do some of his own statements. "Could we interpret all our dreams correctly we should know our own most innermost thoughts, desires, appetites, aptitudes and capabilities." Pure assumption. "The latest and most efficacious method of tapping the unconscious is psychoanalysis. Other methods are by use of ouija, planchette, crystal gazing and automatic writing." Assumption and misstatement. "It is a familiar sight to see complex-ruled neurotics standing for hours on a street corner because they have not the will to move." I suspect Mr. Swisher of visual hallucination as well as sex obsession. One's sympathy goes out to these poor aboulics of Mr. Swisher's imagination for "they never finish dressing. If they go out to walk they do not come back but walk on and on and on. They go on forever doing what they are doing." We are fortunate that they walk and do not write books, at least most of them. However, I suspect Mr. Swisher had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote this, or was he practising the description of a New Hell?

There have been many attempts to apply "the new psychology" (the name that devotees of dream interpretation give to an elaborate and fantastic application of Janet's teaching concerning the unconscious) to art, literature, efficiency, and religion. Without making invidious comparison I may say that up to date Mr. Swisher has furnished the least convincing substantiation of the validity of Freud's theory or its general application.

Religion and the New Psychology. By Walter Samuel Swisher. Marshall Jones Co.

SOME TABLOID REVIEWS

LIBERALISM IN AMERICA, by Harold Stearns (Boni and Liveright). While one cannot altogether agree with the conclusions of the author of this extremely readable exposition of liberalism and its past and future effects on American conditions, the arguments are in most cases clear, and fairly presented. Mr. Stearns claims that many national problems are occasioned by our own actions. Slavery, he says, would not have lasted if the southern people had been left alone; they would have had abolition themselves soon enough. Likewise, educating the negro has enhanced the "black man" problem. And so on, to the tune of many an interesting distich, does Mr. Stearns play upon his theme, but always to his credit in a tolerant spirit, although he cannot refrain from a dig at Mr. Wilson and a hooray for the incarcerated Mr. Debs. He weeps at the few cries that were heard from liberals and takes refuge in the thought that liberalism will revive in a different form, bewails the lack of individualism in America, drops a tear in the empty wine glasses of the nation, decries conscription, and hopes for better things.

A TOUR THROUGH INDIANA IN 1840, edited by Kate Milner Rabb (McBride). Reports from the ringside of life, so to speak, are always more in-

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teresting than history written many years after and from the combined viewpoints of others distant from the scene. This diary of one John Parsons of Virginia is interesting, therefore, because it is a record of the times in which he lived. Many of the persons whom he met during his trip afterward became famous in our history. Among them were Simpson, later to be a bishop and one of Lincoln's best friends; the boy Lew Wallace whose father was then governor; the father of Edward Eggleston, John Law of Vincennes and many others.

The diary, although written in the stilted style of a youth of twenty-three, educated for the bar, and away from home for the first time among noted people in a new country, is readable withal. There is a hint of a love affair throughout and the various dates seem to have been welded together by the hand of Mrs. Rabb, so that they run almost too smoothly for a diarist to have so connected them. The book is of particular value to those interested in Indiana and surrounding country and in the lives of the great and soon-to-be-great men and women of the time. As such it holds rank as an unusual historic document, and is a quaint picture of the politics and life of the day.

JEWISH CHILDREN, by Shalom Aleichem (Knopf). Undoubted power of camera-like observation, the God-given genius for interpretation of the sorrows and sadness of life so surely a heritage of Jew, Irish or Russian, help make this little volume a delight. What Myra Kelly did for the lighter—and sadder, as well—side of New York life, this author is doing for the small-town child of Russian Jewish families. While many of his little sketches portray a life utterly unknown to the average reader and therefore not always understandable, or when understood not thought to be of importance, yet the beauty of his thought is undeniable. The heart-throbs, pathos and sentiment that are inseparable from the Russian mind abound throughout.

THE GREEN GOD'S PAVILION, by Mabel Wood Martin (Stokes). The efforts of the "empire builders" of the Pacific at their educational work among the natives of the Philippines is the theme of this smoothly written and vivid tale of love and faith and hardship. Its pen pictures are flaming with color and kaleidoscopic in their representation of the life of a little American schoolteacher who yearns to do something for the native and who apparently finds it so terribly useless. There are big men and women moving among the riotously beautiful and appalling horrible scenes in the book, but there is an air of hopelessness throughout the story—hopelessness of a Caucasian ever doing anything really worth while for the Asian, who himself seems so little to desire it or deserve it. But the author has made us live for a while among exotic conditions in a land of which most Americans are shamefully ignorant,—a land whose geographical position holds a certain menace should it pass out from our control and become a possession of an enemy race. The fight for independence so recently renewed by the Filipinos lends an added interest to books on the subject, even were not this tale in itself so dramatic and absorbing.

THAT AFFAIR AT ST. PETER'S, by Edna A. Brown (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). The happening amusingly chronicled in this novel is hardly important enough to be labeled an "af-

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fair" at all, but it is so cleverly emphasized that the author will have to be forgiven for arousing hopes, fears and speculations that, of course, are all wrong. This is as it should be; for it is a detective story, but without a murder, without even a crime although one is suspected,—almost without any need for a detective.

Many are the "clues", many are the suspects, many are the ways of committing what seems to be a crime,—the mystery of the disappearance of the silver communion plate from a church between services,—but the story will interest because of the people involved and the mysteriousness of it all, rather than because of the writing of it. Its style is very simple and almost amateurish, this being excusable, possibly, because the tale is told in the first person by the youth who is one of the suspects and who, being a sub-vestry man of a small-town church, talks exactly as he would be expected to talk. The book is old-fashioned, but—its mystery appearing early—will be finished if started.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD, by E. M. Forster (Knopf). The power of creating "the laugh with a tear in it" is possessed in full measure by E. M. Forster, whose novel will delight many. He has the ability to scoff at life and yet enjoy it fully at the same time, and more, he makes his readers do likewise. The characters of the peasantry of an upper Italy small town are exceedingly well drawn and the volume—it is a short evening's reading—will be laid down with moisture-dimmed eyes that have been alternately mirthful and saddened. There are some English characters that are equally well drawn and delightfully informative. If but one word were allowed to be said of this book and its people, it is "human".

THE CHINESE COAT, by Jennette Lee (Scribner). Companionable, sweet and comfortable, filling the mind with dreams of times when, unwillingly and under pressure, we were forced to let the great desire go. Some of us didn't let it go; some did! Miss Lee tells most entertainingly of a woman who did let it go and after many years—well, read it for yourself and steep yourself in Romance with a capital R.

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

I READ "For Better, For Worse" yesterday with much the same feeling with which I imagine four-year residents of New Haven and Cambridge read that Princetonian effort, "This Side of Paradise",—as one who regrets a deplorable condition with which he is but vaguely familiar. Not that there is any resemblance between W. B. Maxwell's story and that of F. Scott Fitzgerald; the contrary rather. For Mr. Maxwell's theme is the tragic inadequacy of the English divorce law: a law obsolete in its methods and often criminally unjust in its results. America too has its divorce problems under local laws which furnish the anomalous picture of a man and a woman free in one state and still legally man and wife in another. Still, with all that, we are immeasurably far ahead of the English law.

I would like to think that Mr. Maxwell has overdrawn the tragic absurdity to which such jurisprudence can lead. I am afraid he has not. A charming girl married to a scoundrel sues for divorce on the grounds of proven infidelity. Unfortunately, she falls heir to a large sum of money just before the case comes up for trial and the husband, deciding to keep her, institutes a countersuit on the same grounds. And the English law provides that in the event of proof of infidelity on both sides, both suits shall be dismissed!

Mr. Maxwell has written a strong story around this girl and her fight for freedom and honor. There is nothing new about the theme—there isn't meant to be—but the author has combined constructive propaganda and strong characterization into a most acceptable book. It will be published by Dodd, Mead and Company early in October.

* * * *

There has lately been a tremendous migration, by way of the bookstores, to the tropic and subtropic islands. The best works on politics, economics, history, have all stood aside while people indulged themselves in an orgy of vicarious voyaging, romance, and freedom-from-care. At first the demand was for anything which had in the title the words *South Sea Islands*, or *South Seas;* now *islands* alone is sufficient. The books brought out in response to this demand have been for the most part more than excellent. "White Shadows in the South Seas", "South Sea Foam", and "Noa Noa" are representative of the islands of one hemisphere; now Harry A. Franck, all-highest of the royal vagabonds of the world, gives us the West Indies. For years, Mr. Franck, American-born cosmopolite, has followed the call of the horizon to the strange places of the earth. The Century Company, who will publish "Roaming Through the West Indies" shortly, gives a list of Mr. Franck's degrees earned in the School of Experience, of which Farmer, Woodsman, Blacksmith's Helper, Circus Clown, Bill Poster, Ticket-Sel-

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ler, Policeman, Teacher, Market-Gardener, Cellar-Digger, Mattress-Maker, Bottle-Washer, Waiter, and Athletic Coach are but a few. "Roaming Through the West Indies" is more than a travel book. For while Mr. Franck lacks to a great extent the philosophical viewpoint which makes Frederick O'Brien so fascinating a companion, he is a superb delineator of character and of the traits, bizarre or compelling, which differentiate all people to the trained observer. Some of his adventures read like short stories, so dramatic are they; his descriptions are memorable. Altogether a finished and fascinating book is "Roaming Through the West Indies". Profusely illustrated with photographs, too, I am given to understand, though this advance reading by its very "advanceness" nets me nothing more indicative of a book's final form than the ubiquitous, yard-long galleys.

* * * *

Unlike Mr. Franck, Hector MacQuarrie became a wanderer through force of circumstances and a delicate constitution. As he says in his admirably short Foreword—I am quoting the whole of it—, "With an uncertain spot on one of my lungs, and feeling hopeless and ill I went to the South Seas to get well. I did." Readers of "Tahiti Days" (Doran) will find that he has taken kindly to vagabonding, however, and gained not only health but the deep understanding, the unruffled philosophy which comes to those who go into the world's outposts. What a spiritual balm the clear days and soft nights must dispense, what an antidote for the mental unrest of our own hectic world! For Mr. MacQuarrie rightly says, "Call up the spirits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Melville, and they will tell you, as I tell you, that the fairyland of the South Seas, as the Kingdom of Heaven, is likened unto a little child."

* * * *

Charles Scribner's Sons' fall *coup de grâce* is "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time", the colossal achievement of Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Together with Mr. Bishop, Colonel Roosevelt planned out this work, and I understand that more than half of the completed material was approved by him before his death. The basis of the work was the Colonel's voluminous accumulation of correspondence, covering all the most important years of his life. These letters in themselves were historically of sufficient importance to warrant publication entirely unembellished, in a form similar to the "Letters of Henry James". But Mr. Bishop out of his own intimate acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt has filled in and rounded out the story told by the Colonel's letters until we have what is in effect at once biography and autobiography, a narrative more personal than the former alone could be, and more critical, more complete than the latter.

The pitiful inadequacy of adjectives to express a degree of appreciation prevents me from eulogizing "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time". There is one phrase when all is said and done (when critics have laid down their pens from sheer weariness, when contemporary "best-seller" reports are compiled and forgotten), which Roosevelt himself would have used, and that is, "This is a corking fine book." Which expresses it exactly.

* * * *

A new book of verse by Walter de la Mare—the galleys give me no indication of its title—will be published by Henry Holt and Company next month. His verses are charming, there's no doubt of that, and he should find no excuse this time for saying, as he did

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years ago, that America is a poor market for poetry. At the risk of offending many of more pronounced poetic taste than myself, I say that I prefer his whimsical and light verse to his more ambitious poems. Here are two that took my fancy:

THE DUNCE

Why does he still keep ticking?
Why does his round white face
Stare at me over the books and ink,
And mock at my disgrace?
Why does that thrush call, "Dunce, dunce, dunce!"?
Why does that bluebottle buzz?
Why does the sun so silent shine?—
And what do I care if it does?

FIVE EYES

In Hans' old Mill his three black cats
Watch the bins for the thieving rats.
Whisker and claw, they crouch in the night,
Their five eyes smouldering green and bright:
Squeaks from the flour sacks, squeaks from where
The cold wind stirs on the empty stair,
Squeaking and scampering, everywhere.
Then down they pounce, now in, now out,
At whisking tail, and sniffing snout;
While lean old Hans he snores away
Till peep of light at break of day;
Then up he climbs to his creaking mill,
Out come his cats all grey with meal—
Jekkel, and Jessup, and one-eyed Jill.

* * * *

Edward Shanks is publishing through Frederick A. Stokes Company a novel called "The People of the Ruins". The story is of a young Englishman who by a miracle of science awakes in the year 2074 and finds England completely destroyed by a revolution. Its chief interest arises from the author's very definite views as to what wrong economic and social activities will do to our civilization. Mr. Shanks, by the way, is associated with Squire on "The London Mercury".

—S. M. R.

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THE SPELL

BY HENRY MARTYN HOYT

AS I came up the sandy road that lifts above the sea,
Thrice and thrice the red cock crew,
And thrice an elfin bugle blew
From the Gates of Faerie.

And riders passed me on the left, and riders on the right,
Clad in cramoisie so fine,
Phantom riders nine and nine,
That faded with the night.

The dawn was flushing in the east as I won to my door,
And there within the ingle dark
One had drawn a cantrip mark
Upon the earthen floor.

The thatch was matted o'er with weeds, the well was choked with stones,
There lay a shroud upon the bed
Draped and drawn from foot to head,
As white as dead men's bones.

I ran and shouted down the street, but none would heed my cry.
I screamed across the market-place.
Never a burgher turned his face.
In silence they passed by.

Oh, none could hear and none could see the man they used to know.
For he is witched for seven years,
He who in the dawning hears
The elfin bugles blow.

As I came up the sandy road that lifts above the sea,
Thrice and thrice the red cock crew,
And thrice an elfin bugle blew
From the Gates of Faerie.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in August in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
2. Mary Marie	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON
3. Exit Betty	*Grace L. H. Lutz*	LIPPINCOTT
4. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
2. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
4. A Woman Named Smith	*Marie Conway Oemler*	CENTURY
5. The Fortieth Door	*Mary Hastings Bradley*	APPLETON
6. The Strong Hours	*Maud Diver*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
3. Mary Marie	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
6. Tarzan the Untamed	*Edgar Rice Burroughs*	MCCLURG

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Mary Marie	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON
2. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. The Prairie Mother	*Arthur Stringer*	BOBBS-MERRILL
6. A Woman Named Smith	*Marie Conway Oemler*	CENTURY

WESTERN STATES

1. Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
2. The Rescue	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
4. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Moon and Sixpence	*W. Somerset Maugham*	DORAN
6. Mary Marie	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
2. Mary Marie	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON
3. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
6. The Rescue	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. Letters of Henry James	*Percy Lubbock*	SCRIBNER
4. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
5. The Inside Story of the Peace Conference	*E. J. Dillon*	HARPER
6. Presidents and Pies	*Isabel Anderson*	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. The Rising Tide of Color	*Lothrop Stoddard*	SCRIBNER
4. What Bird Is That?	*Frank M. Chapman*	APPLETON
5. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
6. Map of Life	*W. E. H. Lecky*	LONGMANS

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
4. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC
5. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
6. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
4. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC
5. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
6. Life of John Marshall	*Albert Beveridge*	HOUGHTON

WESTERN STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
5. What Bird Is That?	*Frank M. Chapman*	APPLETON
6. The World, the War, and Wilson	*George Creel*	HARPER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
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6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THE paragraph in the Gossip Shop last month, relative to the convict who wanted THE BOOKMAN sent to him "that the dark hours of my solitude may be brightened by the magazine so dear to me", was veritable bread cast upon the waters. A kind-hearted reader of THE BOOKMAN, who has been sending her copy abroad, will hereafter mail it to the prisoner, his name and address having been sent to her upon her request.

And, since the above was written, another subscriber has offered to send his copy to the convict, while still another, with a delightfully sympathetic note, has enclosed a money order for a year's subscription. Thus is the incarcerated lover of the magazine remembered with tender care; and thus, also, is it demonstrated that there are people with kind hearts in the world and that THE BOOKMAN is not read in vain.

It is always worth while to be compelled to see ourselves as others see us. We are certain to get a new point of view; and while the resultant picture may not gratify our vanity—may, indeed, prove a severe jolt to our complacency—we can at least have the satisfaction of wondering whether we are really as hopeless as we appear to other eyes.

The Gossip Shop has noted, with no small degree of interest, some assertions printed in London to the effect that there is little or no genuine literary criticism in the United States. Henry W. Nevinson, the English writer, who has just returned home from a visit to this country, gives utterance to a feeling of disappointment regarding our lack of the critical faculty. "There is very little criticism in the States," he remarks; "in literature there is hardly any.... They appear to recognize no difference between the extraordinary and the commonplace." And C. K. S., in the London "Sphere", commenting upon Mr. Nevinson's statement, goes even further. "I was greatly amused the other day", he writes, "when meeting one of our young intellectuals who contemplated a visit to the States in that this enthusiast anticipated a great time with the American critics, and was quite unconvinced when I asserted that there were no American critics." He regards the bulk of the criticism in the newspapers as mere reporting; there is no sense of literary values; the space given in some of the American newspapers to quite commonplace books is wonderful; these reviews do not imply any real principle of criticism; and much more to the same effect.

Such is the indictment, mitigated in some degree by the admission that there are in the United States some really good writers, good novelists,

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good poets. Perhaps we should not take the arraignment of our critics too seriously. It is too broad to be convincing. We admit that the literary supplements of some of our newspapers are bulky; that space is sometimes wasted on unimportant books; and that so-called reviews are occasionally mere summaries of contents. These faults do not, however, vitiate the whole. They are more than counter-balanced by the thoughtful contributions of men who, like Brander Matthews, combine the critical faculty with the gift of expression. In the main, the work of book reviewing is worthily accomplished. The Gossip Shop especially recalls one volume which received attention in nearly one hundred newspapers and the reviewers not only gave evidence of thorough familiarity with the subject discussed in the book, but, in nearly every case, were able to offer constructive criticism. This instance is by no means singular. There is much more in American newspaper book reviewing than mere reporting.

Book reviews may be roughly divided into two classes—one which presents the words of the author, and the other wherein the reviewer uses the volume as a vehicle for expressing his own views. If he is an authority, his comment is as valuable as the book itself; and it can be fairly asserted that all the newspapers which strive toward literary pretension are careful to entrust reviewing to competent hands. They seek in the reviewer both sympathy and intelligence. More than this, the selection of books for review is not a haphazard proposition. There are so many books published and the restriction in the matter of space is so pressing, that selection is a necessity. The wonder is—not that unimportant books are occasionally noticed—but that the work of extracting the meritorious from the mass is so well done.

A month or two ago the Gossip Shop made a wish and—whether it came of looking at a load of hay that day, or at the moon over our left shoulder that night—the wish began to materialize before the issue of THE BOOKMAN was well off the press: viz., that someone would collect and publish Thackeray's letters. Rufus Rockwell Wilson of Boston, for many years an unremitting Thackerayan who has indulged his pet hobby in a full career of journalism, authorship and finance, is about to bring out the letters in two 300-page volumes.

He represents that too rare American—the man of affairs, and, at the same time, of letters. Author of that admirable book, "Washington, the Capital City", and of "New England in Letters" and "Rambles in Colonial Byways", one-time editor and publicity expert, he is also Secretary of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers. Among the six hundred letters in his collection are the two following very characteristic ones, hitherto unpublished:

THACKERAY TO FONBLANQUE

(36 ONSLOW SQUARE, JUNE 4.)

My dear Fonblanque:

Of course I will put up your eccentric nephew—if—if he can't find a better proposer. But I have put up so many men of late that in their interest I beg new candidates to find another Godfather. I think fellows hate me, too, and that I am not at all a good man to introduce a young one into this Society. *Isn't* he the good-looking young man who plays the piano very well? If so I know him. If I don't: you must give us a neat, agreeable dinner somewhere, and make us acquainted as each man has to speak to his Godson when his name is brought up in committee; and if I were to say "I don't know the gentleman" his fate would be assured.

You see I am letting you have the cons as well as the pros in the matter—and briefly resume my statement:

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1. I don't think, from reasons given, that I am a good proposer.

2. *BUT,* if Albany Fonblanque Jr. thinks otherwise I am at his service for the sake of A. F. Sr.

With assurances of my profound consideration,

I am yours,

W. M. THACKERAY

NOTE—Albany Fonblanque (1793-1872) was from 1830 to 1865 in turn manager and owner of the "London Examiner", and from its organization until his death a leading member of the Garrick Club. Locker-Lampson, with an occasional fondness for acid portraiture, describes Fonblanque as "a sickly looking Mephistopheles"; but he had a gift for friendship and numbered among his intimates many of the choicest spirits of his time.

THACKERAY TO LEIGH HUNT

(CIRCA 1847)

Brookfield (a parson) and Thackeray (a buffoon) are going to dine together at the latter's house tomorrow at seven o'clock. They propose to Hunt (a pensioner) to partake of their humble food, viz:

(A diagram of the table is here inserted with realistic drawings of the four items on the menu—named A, B, C, D, respectively, and flanked by "Le gigot à l'eau" and "Les Perdreaux Rotis".)

A. Les Macheturnips
B. Les Pommes de terre au naturel
C. La Sauce aux Capres
D. La Bread-sauce

"I was much interested in the sketch of Peter Finley Dunne in the August number of THE BOOKMAN," writes Samuel T. Clover, president and editor of the Richmond, Virginia, "Evening Journal" to the Gossip Shop, "for the reason that he did his first 'Dooleys' under me when I was managing editor of the Chicago 'Evening Post'. I have two of his amusing notes, which I chanced to save, and they are now pasted on the inside cover of early Dooley books which he gave me. I used to pay him a modest bonus every week for a Dooley article for our Saturday edition and invariably he would get it in advance, in the forepart of the week. These notes are his quaint requests for an order on the cashier. We were all very fond of Peter, whose humor was as spontaneous as it was delightful."

Another co-worker with Mr. Clover was Roswell Field, a brother of Eugene Field. "He was a delightful writer", comments Mr. Clover, "but a sore trial to the managing editor because of his morning peregrinations, from one desk to another, boning the editorial staff for subject-matter for his column. He was such an attractive gossiper that he almost ruined the staff and greatly retarded the work of the office. Several times, gently but firmly, I had to remonstrate with him. He always expressed great repentance and promised to reform, but, alas! he never did."

Once upon a time, the Gossip Shop, waiting between trains in a little country town, drifted into the Main Street bookstore. The proprietor, attentive and well-read, chatted most interestingly regarding his townspeople and made it very evident that they were lovers of books. This experience gives assurance that the article by J. George Frederick in "The Review of Reviews" on "The Book Store as a Vital Element of Community Life", accurately gauges the value of the bookstore in developing a valuable and genuine intelligence.

The bookseller is, undoubtedly, a most important factor in social life. "He is the distributer of the necessities of mental life and growth." If he is constructive and alert, he can stimulate a sense of pride in the ownership of books; he can aid in the dissemination of knowledge regarding books and their value; and, by suggesting certain volumes, can influence the life and character of the people with whom he comes in contact. The Gossip Shop recalls with gratitude the interest which a bookseller manifested

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in suggesting books to him in his boyhood days; and unquestionably there are thousands of men and women today who experience the same feeling. Mr. Frederick's tribute to the bookseller may be belated but it is none the less deserved.

Some idea of the value of books may be gathered from the fact that the British Museum, in a few cases in the King's Library, is displaying first editions worth over one million dollars. Beautiful examples are shown of Caxton and Wynkin de Worde, together with such treasures as first issues of Milton, Keats, Shelley, Swift, Goldsmith, Sterne, Spenser, and, of course, Shakespeare.

Then, for Dickens lovers, Henry Sotheran, of Piccadilly, has spread a rare feast of relics of the great novelist. The collection includes practically all the first editions of Dickens's books, with many rare pamphlets and association copies, and numerous autograph letters of Mrs. Winter, who was the Maria Sarah Beadnell to whom, it will be remembered, Dickens was engaged, and who was the original Dora of "David Copperfield". There are also a number of copies of the "Gad's Hill Gazette", and, perhaps the most interesting of all, a memorandum book of Charles Dickens in which he jotted down ideas and suggestions for stories and characters which were afterward embodied in his novels.

Publishers are fully realizing the publicity value of the prevailing interest in psychic things. For instance, Mack Stauffer, author of "Humanity and the Mysterious Knight", asserts that the material for his novel was communicated to him in a series of hazy dreams. His book, written in 1913, is said to contain more than fifty predictions relating to the world war and other events, nearly all of which have been realized, and he is now hailed as a most marvelous example of literary prophecy.

Another book, "The Fellowship of the Picture", soon to appear under the accredited authorship of Reverend and Mrs. Percy Dearmer, of England, is said to have been dictated to the latter by the spirit of a friend who was killed in France in 1918 and who, having written valuable works on religion and philosophy, had another book on his mind which he was anxious to write when the war was over. The book does not deal with life after death but with man's life on earth, and is to be issued because "of its great intrinsic merit". Mrs. Dearmer adds to the mystery of the book by saying that she "did not know what she was writing until after each day's task was finished", and "was accustomed to read or look out of the window while she wrote."

These instances recall Robert Louis Stevenson's narration of the dreams in which the plots of his stories were revealed to him. All imagination is, of course, visionary, but the great majority of authors do not ask especial consideration by suggesting inspiration from a supernatural source.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whose "Life of Washington" is soon to appear in an illustrated library edition, is the only member of the Senate or House of Representatives who, in his autobiography in the Congressional Directory, sets down literature as his profession. Champ Clark, former speaker of the House, and prominent in political life for a quarter of a century, might, however, very properly include in the sketch of his life the statement that he is a genuine lover of books.

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Once, in the month of June, his father sent him five dollars to pay his expenses from college. He spent the money for paper-covered volumes and then walked fifty miles to his home. On the road he read and committed to memory Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope", "the finest long poem", he says, "in our vernacular".

The three books which have the greatest influence upon Mr. Clark's life are the Bible, William Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry", and a little red volume, presented to him by his father, which contained the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and similar documents. He confesses in his reminiscences that as a boy he did not read the Bible. When he had finished the biography of Patrick Henry, however, his father asked him what part of the book most appealed to him.

"The speech beginning", Clark replied, " 'It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope.' "

"And what is the best sentence in that speech?"

" 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' "

"Patrick Henry never originated that," replied his father. "King Solomon wrote it, and if you will read the Bible you will find many more sentences just as fine."

So then Clark began to read the Bible; and even now, when he has brain fag, he turns to the Proverbs and St. Paul's epistles for mental relaxation.

The Mayflower Sailors' Hostel, which was opened on the sixth of September at Plymouth, England, in commemoration of the departure of the Pilgrims from that port, is to be supplied with a library of representative American and British literature. Not only is the memory of the Pilgrims kept alive in the seaport town, but a tablet has been erected to perpetuate the fact that the seaplane, NC4, arrived in Plymouth Sound on May 31, 1919, when it completed the first trans-Atlantic flight.

The increased interest in Kipling shows the need of a new and authoritatative Kipling bibliography. The best one available is many years old, compiled by the late Luther S. Livingston, with the fine Williamson collection as a basis. Mr. Livingston gathered much additional material before his death, and Mrs. Livingston, now of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard, has continued researches since. She is the one person most qualified to "do" a new bibliography, an assurance that the work will be well done.

If the eighteenth century was logical, the twentieth century seems to be largely ethnological. Robert H. Lowie, who is president of the American Ethnological Society, associate editor of "The American Anthropologist", and associate curator of the American Museum of Natural History, shows the "human interest" side of this "ology" in an entertaining paper, "The People of Unknown Lands", in this issue of THE BOOKMAN. Dr. Lowie has told the Gossip Shop an amusing story of the mother-in-law taboo, as he ran across it in one of his experiences afield.

It seems that one of the most delightful of widespread primitive customs is the respect paid by son-in-law to mother-in-law and vice versa. Strangely enough, this sentiment takes the form of avoidance. These relatives by marriage must not look at each other or hold conversation, and to a woman's husband even the words making up her parent's name are fre-

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quently tabooed. For instance, if the mother-in-law is called "Yellow-buffalo", the young man must ever after designate these ideas by roundabout expressions. Yellow will be called "the color of autumn leaves", the buffalo becomes "the big humped animal" or something equivalent.

"This usage was forcibly brought home to me," Dr. Lowie says, "on the Crow reservation in Montana. One day I was seated in my interpreter's tent, with his wife and parents-in-law on the other side of the lodge. It suddenly occurred to me that here was a favorable chance to sound the old lady as to the games played in her childhood. But when I told my interpreter to ask his mother-in-law about the subject, he put the question to his wife instead, who repeated it to her mother. The old woman answered her daughter, who in turn transmitted the reply to her husband. And so every question had to be repeated through the young woman as go-between, though interpreter and mother-in-law sat only a few feet from each other and could understand every word pronounced by either. But the dictates of Indian etiquette could not be waved aside."

A bit of unconscious humor that is too good to be lost has just been discovered by the poet and essayist, Mary Blair. She has been reading that magazine of first aid to the scribulous "The Editor", wherein an editorial discusses the recent lawsuit by the Lightons to recover screen rights of "Billy Fortune and the Only Girl", which the Goldwyn people had advertised as adapted from " 'Seven Oaks' by J. G. Holland". Apparently the editor had never heard of "Sevenoaks", nor of Dr. J. G. Holland's long and famous editorship of the old "Scribner's Monthly", for he continues gravely:

> ...It may be that the Goldwyn Film Corporation purchased from J. G. Holland the photoplay rights of a story, "Seven Oaks", in which the author had used incidents like those in "Billy Fortune and the Only Girl". Mr. Holland may never have read the story by the Lightons *(How many æons is it since Dr. Holland died?)* and the similarity of incidents may be coincidental. He may have been guilty of plagiarism.... There may be no J. G. Holland, or he may be an employee of the Goldwyn Film Corporation, and merely have obeyed orders to find a story for Will Rogers's next photoplay. All these surmises are made because we wish to see *all* sides of this case.

Miss Blair has been doubting the lovely tale of a newspaper man's ejaculating, *"Jane Eyre?* Who's she? New playwright?" But now she can believe anything—

> That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
> And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese!

One of the recent newspaper articles about the organization of publishers for the purpose of advertising all good books, and of helping, thereby, authors, publishers, book dealers, and the entire reading public, has spurred Betty Earle of Nevada, Missouri, to devise a scheme by which she, also, can advertise good books. She writes the Gossip Shop:

"I chose three of my favorites and wrote on the first page of each:

> *Good books are friends, and like friends should be shared.*
>
> Take your time to read this and enjoy it. If it proves to be all a good book should be, write your name and address in the back and send the book to a friend who will enjoy it as keenly as you. When the list is complete, or when the book has fallen into the hands of one who knows of no other who would like to read it, let it be mailed to the first address, and postage will be cheerfully refunded.

"I then wrote my name and address in the back and mailed the three books to three friends. The delightful letters that have followed this mailing, and the many notes of appreciation that have come in from the friends of friends have already justified the ef-

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fort and made me want to tell others, so that the good work can continue."

With reference to the poem, "The Spell", by Henry Martyn Hoyt, which appears in this issue of THE BOOKMAN, William Rose Benét writes to the Gossip Shop that Mr. Hoyt, whose tragic death occurred on Wednesday, August 25, in his New York studio, was a greatly gifted artist. "He has left many paintings, etchings and drawings", says Mr. Benét, "which should eventually receive the recognition they deserve. His work in black and white alone, filling numerous notebooks, attests his genuine genius. He was born in 1887, the eldest son of the late Henry Martyn Hoyt, at one time Solicitor General of the United States. No one who really knew him can ever forget the charm, the depth, and the inspiration of his personality. He was my most intimate friend from the days when we first met at Yale, graduating in the same year, 1907. He left a number of poems of great beauty and a one-act play, 'The Master of the World', which I consider remarkable. Its chief characters are Alexander the Great and Diogenes. Some day, I hope, his literary work may be collected in permanent form, as it reflects, though fragmentarily, his great natural gifts. By some strange irony of life, I received the letter accepting his poem, 'The Spell', on the morning of the day he died, when I had no premonition of that tragedy about to occur."

"Wherever pamphlets abound there is freedom, and, therefore, we have been a nation of pamphleteers." Thus wrote Isaac Disraeli in a curious volume, "The Amenities of Literature", published about the middle of the last century. He had England in mind, of course, for in that country the pamphlet has always flourished and was, in fact, the precursor of the newspaper. In the early days of our own history the pamphleteer did yeoman service in arousing the spirit of independence in the American people and, later, there came a veritable battle of pamphlets over the adoption of the Constitution. Pamphlets were also numerous in the time of the French Revolution; and some of the most potent influences upon human thought have been in pamphlet form.

It is quite appropriate in these times of changing thought that pamphlets should again come into prominence. They are nowadays, as in the past, the medium through which the reformer seeks to convey his views. This, at least, is the impression made by a list of titles upon the desk of the Gossip Shop, just published in New York. They deal with the so-called "new order", and their authors are Morris Hillquit, Louis Levine, Max Hirsch and others of that ilk.

There is much to be said for the pamphlet. It presents individual opinions at a minimum cost of paper and printing, and secures, or ought to secure, a wider circle of readers than the larger and more expensive book. The fact that the advocates of social reforms have resorted to this method of publicity carries with it the suggestion that the radical writers should be met in their own field. They should not be allowed a monopoly of pamphleteering. If history is to repeat itself, and a battle of pamphlets is again to be witnessed, let it be a two-sided affair. A quantity of ammunition against the established order of things has already been discharged. There is another side to the question; and it ought to be presented in pamphlets which will be read by every impartial seeker after truth.

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Now and then, when John Kendrick Bangs (who as usual spent the summer in Ogunquit, Maine) gets hold of something particularly racy that he'd like to tell the public in strictest confidence, he whispers it in the ear of the Gossip Shop. Mr. Bangs has been reading Isaac Goldberg's sonnet in the August BOOKMAN, and he says that a friend of his who deals in Ford cars and Fresh Fish, handed him the following lines, dedicated to the author of "Nolens Volens", with the remark: "This is the only sonnet I have ever been guilty of, and I will promise never to write another if THE BOOKMAN will print it". Mr. Bangs says that for the protection of the public, therefore, he is passing the poem on to the Gossip Shop.

I'LL TELL YOU WHY

Why should you write a Sonnet to a Maid
Who nothing cares for Sonnets or for you?
Who holds in deepest scorn the inky crew
Who make of riding Pegasus a trade?
Who deems the Muse a sorry sort of jade—
A Dowager of Dulness with a brew
As void of pep, and pallid in its hue,
As is a draught of circus lemonade?

I'll tell you why. What though the Maid refuse
Upon your feast of Poesie to dine?
What need for smiles of hers if so the Muse
Vouchsafes HER favor wondrously divine?
Write for the Joy of Writing—plus the dues
Grub Street awards, *at fifty cents a line.*

—*Algernon Rossetti Dubbhead*

We will wager that Mr. Dubbhead —who of course is no other than Mr. Bangs,—was never jilted by either maid or muse.

Not as pretentious, perhaps, as the "High Jinks" of the Bohemian Club, but certainly full of promise as a whole week of fun, frolic, relaxation, and back-to-nature inspiration, is the proposed outing of the Missouri Writers Guild during the week ending October 9. The reunion is to be held at Gascondy—the name has an appropriate flavor—one of the beauty spots of the Ozarks. The gathering is to be thoroughly informal and "good clothes will be conspicuous by their absence". It is evident that a good time will be had by all, because unpublished manuscripts are barred!

As those who have actually been in print are to be allowed to display the evidences of their craft, the altar of fame under the spreading chestnut trees will be constructed of the novels of John Breckenridge Ellis, a former president of the Guild; the magazine articles of William H. Hamby, also a former president; and the short stories of Hugh Grimstead, the present presiding genius, to say nothing of the worth-while material which could be contributed by Winston Churchill, Rupert Hughes, Sara Teasdale, Fannie Hurst, and Louis Dodge, who are all Missourians and members of the Guild. The organization, by the way, is entitled to serious consideration, for its membership is based on the authorship of a book of a literary nature published on a royalty basis; of three articles or stories in a magazine of general circulation; or a play produced by a regular theatrical company. So the Guilders are more than mere amateurs; they are real authors; and the Gossip Shop invokes the God of Fair Weather to kindly favor them with sunlit days.

George Wharton Edwards, who wrote "Belgium Old and New", as well as many other volumes relating to France, Flanders, and Holland, has been decorated by the King of the Belgians with the King Albert medal, in recognition of winning "the lasting and affectionate gratitude of the whole Belgian nation".

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There's many a true word spoken in ignorance. On her way across the Atlantic not long ago, Amelia Josephine Burr was watching a particularly glorious sunset with a fellow passenger. As the beauty grew almost unbearable, he exclaimed, "I say! doesn't that make you wish you were a poet?" She gasped—and then humbly and modestly replied, "Yes, it does."

Just back from the far East, Miss Burr reports that while there are differences enough, human nature in some respects is universal. (Or would international be a more modish word?) For instance—she searched vainly through the brass bazars of Benares for an image of Saraswati, goddess of learning. Krishna by the score, Ganesh by the hundred, but Saraswati—no. Discouraged at last, she observed to the English Commissioner who was kindly helping her with his fluent Hindustani and experience in bargaining, "She doesn't seem very popular, does she?" He replied with a quizzical smile, "Has wisdom ever been really popular?"

In 1820 Sydney Smith asked, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?" and almost one hundred years later another Englishman modified the question—not with a desire to gain a cheap laugh, but to get information. When Mr. Massingham, editor of the London "Nation", was in America, a conversation with Francis Hackett led him to ask the latter to edit a supplement that would sketch for the British the state of letters in their erstwhile colonies. Various obstacles interfered with the full development of the plan; but in April, 1920, the much-gossiped-about American supplement to the London "Nation" appeared with the essays: "Chicago as a Literary Capital", by H. L. Mencken; "Philosophy in America", by Morris R. Cohen; "American Poetry", by Padraic Colum; "American Criticism", by Francis Hackett; and "The American Novel", by Joel E. Spingarn.

By arrangement with Mr. Massingham, and with the consent of the respective authors who were good enough to restore the articles to their original form (the London blue pencil is no respecter of persons), these essays now come in, on the tide of the pamphlet innovation, under the title "On American Books", and Americans may here see their literature as in a mirror. In fairness to the authors, the reader is reminded that these papers were prepared quickly for purposes of a weekly publication and with a view to stimulating interest, rather than to give final judgments.

That romance of commerce "The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie", just issued by a Boston house, has a peculiar charm for the Gossip Shop, recalling as it does Mr. Carnegie's quarter-century friendship for THE BOOKMAN. One of its earliest subscribers and faithful to the year of his death, he once said: "Take all my other magazines but leave me THE BOOKMAN".

A Lorna Doone sort of novel, "Mac of Placid", in which an authentic R. L. S. plays the subordinate rôle of matchmaker, is the unexpected work of T. M. Longstreth, heretofore writer of Catskill and Adirondack travel books. Tsanito (beaver) is Mr. Longstreth's name affectionately bestowed by his Mohawk compeers—for he is a mem-

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ber of that tribe, in good standing on account of his industry. Some of the quotations from the book stick in our crop: this remark by the hardware man as he hunts pens for R. L. S.:

"I'd hate a profession like that, criticising people. It must be like undertakin': the more success, the less friends."

And these from R. L. S.:

"From our subsequent conversation we will delete puns. They affect me like a combination of buttermilk and blacking. Horrid for the constitution of the language."

"You may be thankful you don't live in New York, where it costs you a pound to sneeze and fifty to blow your nose."

"Listen to them. Hear them howling over my works, five or six of them in full cry over a single adjective—grown women going into paroxysms of pathetic joy because I chose to write with a pencil instead of a pair of tongs."

"With a heaven like that about us in our idiocy, as friend Wordsworth would say, who has the right to mutter about his little separate heartaches?"

"Speaking of operations" Mrs. Edith O'Shaughnessy in her new book "Intimate Pages of Mexican History" tells of the surgical case of Huerta—now for the first time disclosed—when he was ill and in prison:

On a bitter January night, a large man with thick, black whiskers, speaking excellent Spanish, knocked late at Huerta's door. He was admitted. He told Señora de Huerta that he was a physician and a great admirer of her gifted and persecuted husband. He asked to examine him, after which he stated that unless an immediate operation was performed, in thirty-six hours he would be among the dead. He so alarmed both Huerta and his wife that they consented to the operation that same night. The black-whiskered stranger then made two abdominal incisions, without anesthetics, and furthermore did not sew up the wounds; after which he returned to the night of mystery from whence he came. Huerta died three days after the fantastic and fatal occurrence....

The appearance lately of a new Oscar Wilde book, "A Critic in Pall Mall, Reviews and Miscellanies", is a reminder of a characteristic Wilde story recalled the other day encouraging to those whose wit is not always impromptu. On a certain social occasion when some nonsense rhymes were being invented, Mr. Wilde is said to have remarked, with all the air of composing the lines as he spoke, "I think this would make a good one:

"There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was very much stung by a wasp;
When they said, 'Did it hurt?'
He replied, 'No, it didn't;
I thought all the time it was a hornet'."

Apropos of Oliver Herford's question, "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?" (quoted by Mr. Finck in his article, "The Reign of Patti" in this issue), James Huneker once wrote that Mme. Carreño, at her first concert, played the second concerto of her third husband.

A more than usually daring feat in matrimonial tight-rope walking is recorded in "I've Married Marjorie". Following the international bachelor census—called forth by the post-war rush for husbands—the situation in this latest story of Miss Widdemer's has a certain piquancy. A returned soldier finds it easier to have than to hold his "war bride". The first fourth of the book achieves a curiously moving photographic quality: a New York filing office (the author's sometime experience as librarian paints this); the resurrection of the man from the returned soldier; the queer and exquisite child with her bran-new husband—this is a beginning of promise. The quaint drollery of the heroine has, for a short time, a good foil in her friend, the oxlike Junoesque Lucille. What a pity that such material should give way to Pickfordian

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melodrama—abduction, banjo billet-doux, almost a deathbed reconciliation. Some such metamorphosis as the heroine undergoes on the jacket of the book—from a "tiny fragile" thing to a notably buxom young woman in beads.

Miss Ellen Fowkes, of Manchester, England, is a young woman who spends her days at stenography and typewriting. In the evening and during week-ends she is busy with her pen—the result being that her first book has become one of the best sellers in England. The novel deals entirely with life on the Indian frontier and it is a singular thing that although the author has never been in India, the local color is wonderfully accurate. Miss Fowkes says that she must have lived in India during a previous existence, but it is far more likely that she has remembered the stories told to her by her father, who knew India well.

The Gossip Shop prints this interesting bit of news with fear and trembling lest it tempt all the stenographers and typists to desert the nightly movies and take their pens in hand.

One of a party of some thirty-five,—guests recently of the Czecho-Slovakian government, including among their number H. G. Wells, Lord Dunsany, Robert Nichols, and Mr. Nevinson,—John Black of the Brooklyn "Eagle", just returned home, has much to tell the Gossip Shop *sub rosa*. It seems that Mr. Wells is a family man in the best and finest sense of that term. He was accompanied by his son, P. G. Wells, a boy who has inherited much of his father's attractive personality. Mr. Wells, Jr., is yet in his teens. He is going to Cambridge next fall, and plans to study both "insectology" and medicine. Explaining his decision to take up two professions, he said that, while he was passionately fond of studying the insect-world and wanted to continue in that line, he feared it might not be made to pay; so he resolved upon medicine as a "pot-boiler". He is studying furiously, his father says. When we learn that H. G. is beginning a new novel right on the heels of his prodigious "History", it is not difficult to trace P. G.'s love of work.

"I recall particularly one conversation I had with the distinguished novelist," said Mr. Black, "which concluded in a very characteristic comment. Mr. Wells and I were alone in a private government bus, returning in the wee sma' hours from a reception. I had just enjoyed an unusually interesting talk with his son, and was full of admiration for him. This I expressed, frankly enough, to his father. H. G. listened with a rather amusing complacence, until I had finished. Then, stretching out across the bus, he murmured:

" 'Yes, he is rather a genial little beast, isn't he?'

"English reserve battled with fatherly pride—and only won a compromise!"

Wilbur Cross, of "The Yale Review" and Fielding fame, has been getting out his fall issue from Lake Sunapee, where he turned farmer for two months: chopping down trees for firewood, painting buildings and stepping into the paint, passing the collection plate at a little Episcopal church on Sunday, and influencing the pastor to read "Tristram Shandy" and "The Golden Ass".

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